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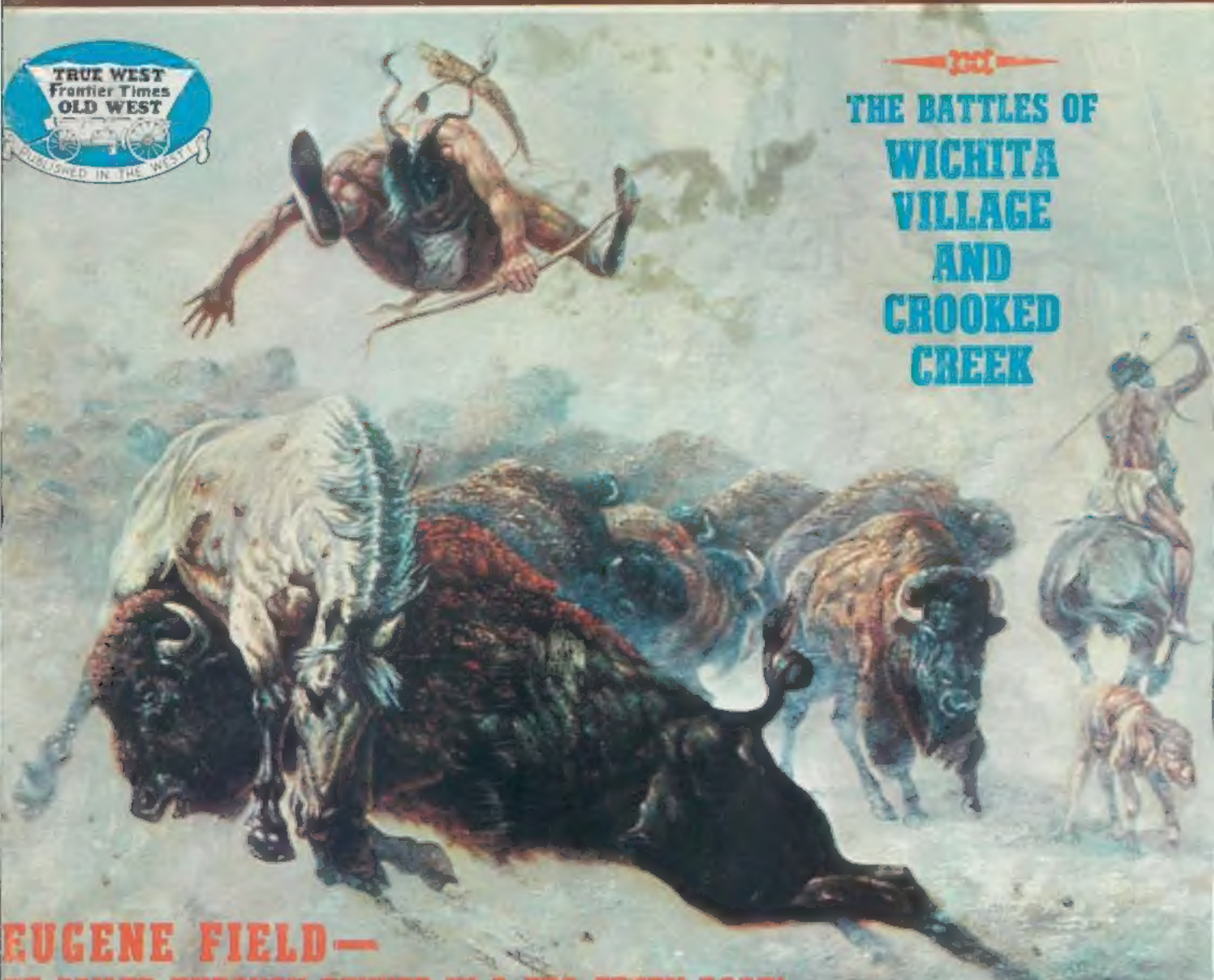

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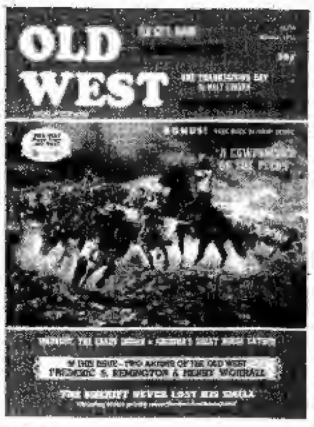

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January-February, 197
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True West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Gregory Perillo

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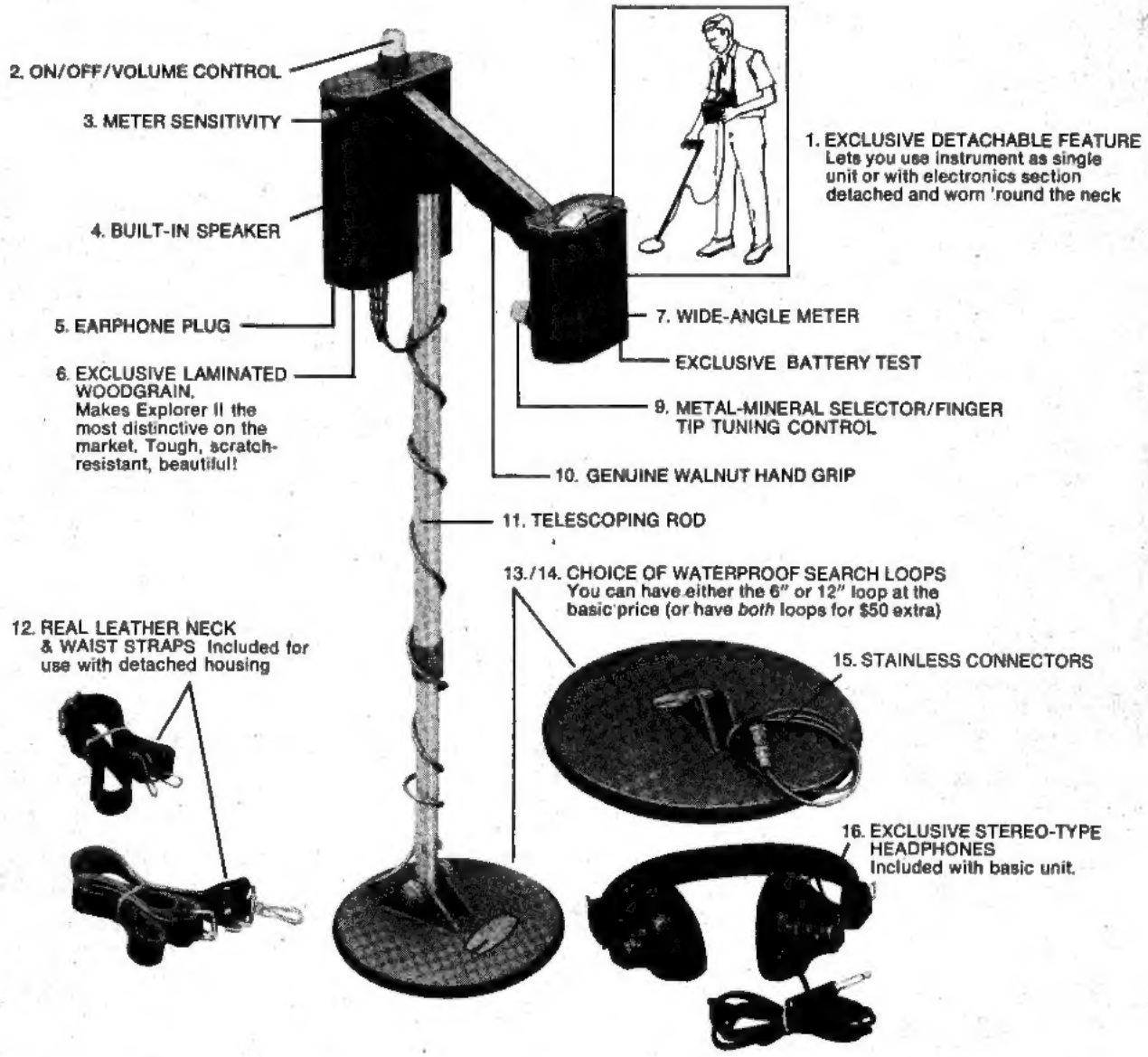
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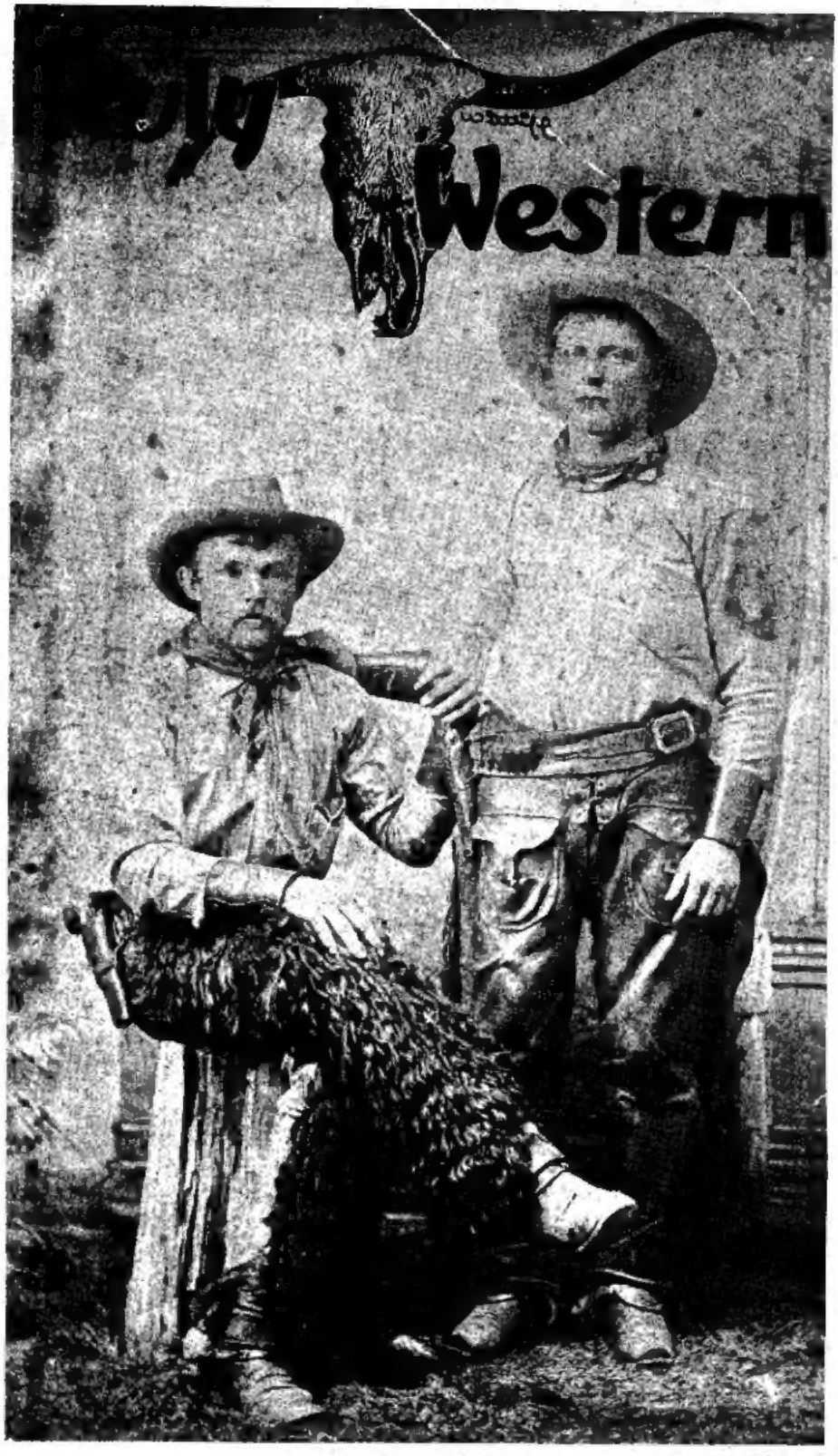

Is This Cardwell?

The man on the left in the above picture is my father, Alfred Baker Fullingim, who was the subject of a story in a chapter of J. Frank Dobie's *Cow People* which was published in the December 1965 issue of TRUE WEST under the title "Within the Code," page 48. Bertha Dobie in a letter to me confirmed that the man mentioned was my father; no name was given in the book. The episode published in TRUE WEST and in the Dobie book related how a trail driver filed on land in Montana and came back to Texas and, returning, found a man squatter in his house and beat him to death. He was acquitted but lost his ranch.

What I want to know is the identity of the man on the right in the picture which was made in Montana, perhaps at Billings or Miles City around 1886-88.

(Continued on page 71)

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Bill Longley always kept the sun to his back. Jim—who was just as brave and maybe as fast—found it hard to escape

Below, James Stockton Longley, a good man who was tagged with his brother's reputation for most of his life.

Below, the first masonry courthouse in Brady, county seat of McCulloch County, Texas. Built in 1878, it was torn down in 1893. People standing in front are identified as follows: (left to right) W. H. P. (Willie) Marsden; John R. McGee, county treasurer; F. M. (Marion) Miller, sheriff and tax collector; Walter Jordan; J. C. Wall, commissioner, Precinct No. 1; Henry Jordan; and an unidentified boy.

HIS BROTHER'S

By WAYNE SPILLER
Photos Courtesy Author

FOR PRACTICALLY all the years of his life Jim Longley would walk in the shadow of his older brother, Bill. As a child he loved that. Bill, eight years Jim's senior, was a real-life, flesh and blood hero to him. Eleven-year-old Jim, straight and tall for his years, with raven hair and flashing black eyes so like his brother's, stood a little straighter and a little taller when Bill was near. Bill could handle a six-gun like no one else around, and kid-brother Jim aspired to the same degree of proficiency.

In the Evergreen community of Washington (now Lee) County, Texas, during the hard years immediately following the Civil War—the days when Northern adventurers (called carpetbaggers) and illiterate, newly-freed slaves took over local and state governments in the South—

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Bill taught his young brother six-gun fundamentals. It takes only small imagination to hear Bill Longley tell his brother, "To stay alive in this carpetbagger land, you've got to shoot straight and you've got *to* shoot fast. There's no way to short-cut it. You've got to shoot to learn to shoot!"

When he could get his hands on a six-gun, Jim practiced. Later when he could afford one of his own, he practiced more. Like Bill, he became in time quite an artist with his favorite weapon—precise, accurate, fast.

Bill's guns already had him in deep trouble. He had used them not only as weapons of defense, but as weapons of vengeance and power as well. It was thus he had become known as Wild Bill.

Jim and Bill were sons of a most respected father, Campbell Longley, and his proud diminutive, black-eyed wife, Sarah Ann Henry, a relative of Patrick Henry, the statesman. Campbell, among the first to be made a Mason in the Republic of Texas and a veteran of the Texas Revolution, was a very religious man. He took his livelihood from the soil, and he and Sarah reared a large family of children, both sons and daughters. Bill was the sixth-born; Jim the ninth.

As Jim Longley matured it was possible for him to see his brother in a more objective light, and to know Bill possibly better than Bill knew himself. Jim knew the danger signs in Bill's personality. He knew the way Bill brooded and how when he drank, his anger and pent-up fury over real and imagined injustices left no outlet but to destroy the object of his hatred.

More and more, as Bill's troubles pyramided, he sought out, on his infrequent trips to the home of his parents in old Evergreen, his brother Jim for companionship. More and more he confided in Jim. More and more he advised his brother, "Don't follow my course in life, Jim don't follow *my* course in life!"

But anger and a few swigs from a bottle took all logic and reason from Bill Longley, and he would revert to the character of Wild Bill. It was this unthinking, unreasoning, illogical Wild Bill who maneuvered for his younger brother Jim to be with him when he killed Wilson Anderson. Bill forgot his good advice he had given his young brother not to walk in his boots or ride the trails he rode.

As a result, because Jim was present (even though he had pled with Bill not to kill Anderson) both he and Bill were charged in the death of "Wiley" Anderson. For Jim it was guilt by association. He walked deep in his brother's shadow. It was no longer pleasant! He was, however, found innocent of complicity in the death of Anderson.

Bill Longley paid with his life. He was tried and convicted, and on October 11, 1878 at Giddings, Texas he was executed.

BUT EVEN with Bill gone, Jim's path was hardly bathed in sunlight. There were men who blamed him for things Bill had done—men on the alert for an opportunity to kill him. There were men who sought the fame that would be theirs if they could "take" Wild Bill's brother.

Jim became even more alert to possible danger, and because he knew it existed he continued to practice his marksmanship and speed. A few years later in McCulloch County, Texas, a contemporary said of him, "Jim Longley had nerves of steel. With his six shooter he could hit a half-dollar target at ten paces shot after shot!"

Once in a Bell County saloon with his friend Wiley Holland, he spotted an ex-slave, former local area official of carpetbagger days, drunk and arrogant, sitting in an attitude of self-importance, smoking a long black cigar.

"Bet you can't bust that cigar, Jim," Wiley whispered.

Quick as a flash, possibly because for a moment in time he felt the same hatred of Yankees motivating him as had motivated Wild Bill in his earlier years, Jim's .45 filled his hand. He fired. The cigar exploded in the black man's face, and he fled the saloon as if he himself had been propelled from Jim's .45.

When the dashing, raven-haired, black-eyed Jim Longley met Vie Draper and fell in love with her, he still walked in his brother's shadow. Elvira Anna Draper reciprocated Jim's affection, but her father very bluntly forbade her seeing him. Jim was Wild Bill's brother and that was enough for James Marion Draper.

As lovers always have, however, they found ways to see each other, and to communicate when they could not visit in person. Vie's uncle and aunt, John and Lou Stewart, were often pressed into service as mail carriers. As a consequence Jim and Vie were able in time to overcome all obstacles, and on October 3, 1881, near the village of Florence, Texas, Vie Draper became the bride of Jim Stockton Longley.

Because Jim loved the good earth he was a farmer. He liked to see things grow and he liked to help the Lord along with the growing. He loved the beauty that resulted therefrom. As a matter of fact, Jim Longley loved all things beautiful—the far-away stars in the night sky, the moon floating on fluffy white clouds, spring rain dancing across a field of new corn, the song of a lark, sunrise, sunset. Especially did he love the glory of the sunsets. Watching them, the day's work behind him, was almost ritual. At the top of the list of beautiful things he loved, however, was his slender, nineteen-year-old Vie with the brown hair, the laughing blue eyes, and the clear soprano voice. Vie often sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" as she went about her evening chores.

Both were soon thrilled in the knowledge they were going to have a child. On July 31, 1882 near Salado in Bell County, weeks prematurely, was born Mary. She was so small she could be held in the palm of her father's hand, and none of the clothing planned and made for her would fit. Vie cut each diaper into four, and they were still more than ample. Other clothing had to be made smaller in the same proportion. Fires were kept in the Longley fireplace even in August and September of that year. The tiny little girl, two pounds (clothes and all), was often placed on a pillow and turned side to side and round and round before the fire to keep her incubator warm, though the parents had never heard of an incubator for a baby.

While farming in Williamson County, Texas, near the town of Florence, Jim Longley served as deputy for Sheriff John T. Olive. But he still walked in his brother's long shadow. Lawman or not there were men who, given the slightest advantage, would kill him at the drop of a hat. In Vie's heart was an ever-present fear that a moment's inattention by her husband might cost his life. Tension was always in both their lives. Vie longed to move away, and they often talked of such a possibility.

Vie's grandfather, David K. Stewart, a prominent Christian minister of the Texas frontier, had lived for some time on Lost Creek in southeastern McCulloch County. He had taught school and preached the gospel in a picket building in that frontier central Texas community. Later he had spoken to Vie's parents of the beauty of the place—abundant springs, crystal streams, great fish, plentiful game, grass knee high to a man on a horse, and tillable soil still untouched by the plow. Jim and Vie wanted land. Quite possibly the old minister's glowing descriptions prompted their later decision to settle in McCulloch County.

Wild Bill Longley Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

LONG SHADOW

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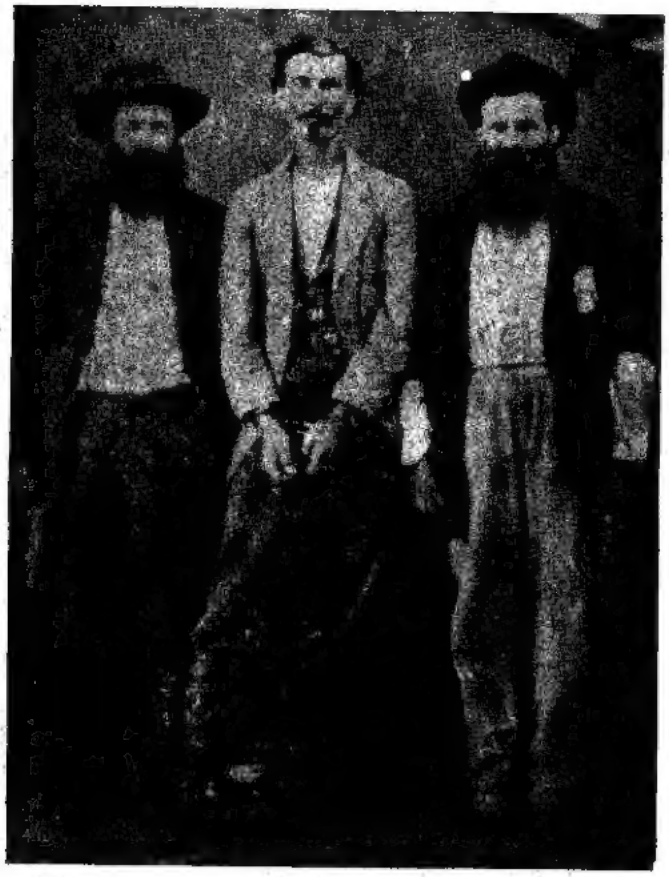

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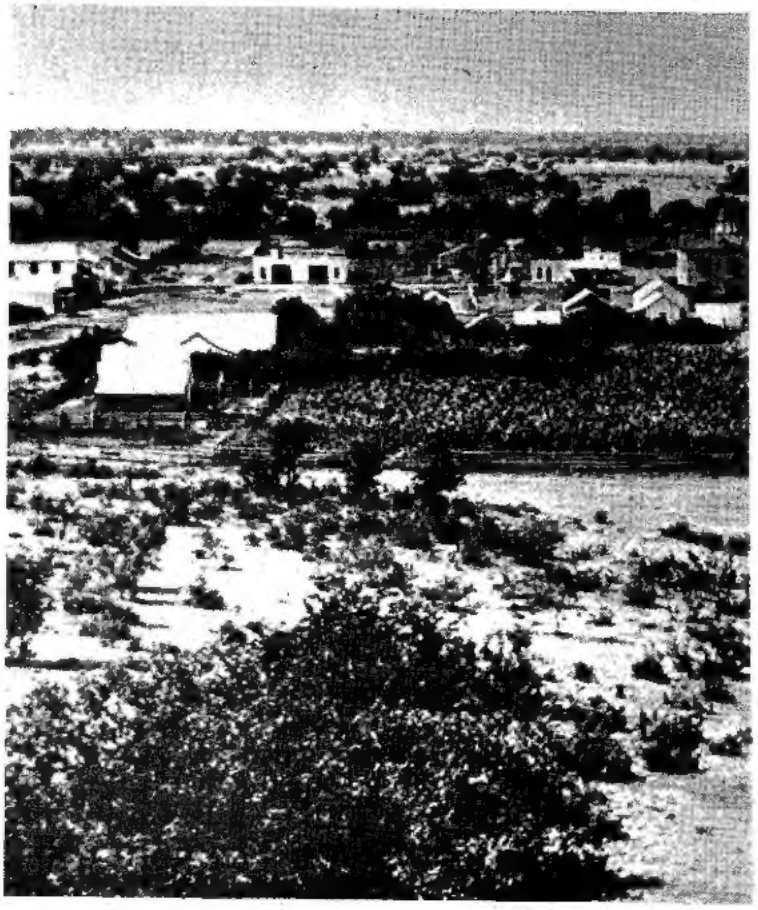

Above, left, Bill Longley in the company of Deputy Sheriff Bill Barrows, (left) and Sheriff Milton Mast (right), who captured Longley in De Soto Parish, Louisiana, June 26, 1877. Mast was sheriff of Nacogdoches County, Texas. On right, Brady, Texas as Jim Longley knew it. Scene here is looking north across Brady Creek. Sheriff F. M. Miller's home, barn, corrals, and corn patch is in left foreground. The street between the fences and leading to the courthouse square is present-day South Bridge Street. Photo taken from a rise south of town about 1890. Below, the east side of the Brady public square about 1893.

Jim and Vie found their land about two miles west from the picket building where David K. Stewart had taught and preached. About one-half mile south from the village of Voca, fourteen miles southeast from Brady, the county seat, they set up a tent for a dwelling, and along with baby Mary moved in. They looked forward to peace at last, to happiness in each other and in the children they would have and rear, and to the prosperity that was certain to be theirs.

The year of their migration to Voca appears to have been 1883. Jim cleared the land and tilled it. He acquired a few cattle, sheep and hogs. Wild game was plentiful and fish in the San Saba River, a mile north, were abundant. The family made friends in the community. Among their near neighbors and closest friends were George and Mary Banta. In 1884, a second daughter, Claudia, was born.

In 1886, while Vie was expecting her third child, McCulloch County's farms and ranches were suffering a severe drouth. What once had seemed a paradise was now almost a desert. Feeding livestock was impossible when no feed was grown. People were suffering even for staples. Flour could not be bought. There was no corn for meal. There was, of course, little money. On one occasion they were given meal by the government. But mostly the farmers and ranchers did without or made do with substitutes. For bread, the Longleys used "yam potatoes."

In view of those conditions and Vie's pregnancy, Jim decided she should be with her parents for the birth of the third child as she had been for the second. He persuaded his younger brother, Cam, to come out and take charge of his livestock while he went with his family to the Draper home near Florence.

Cam came. The family left for Flor-

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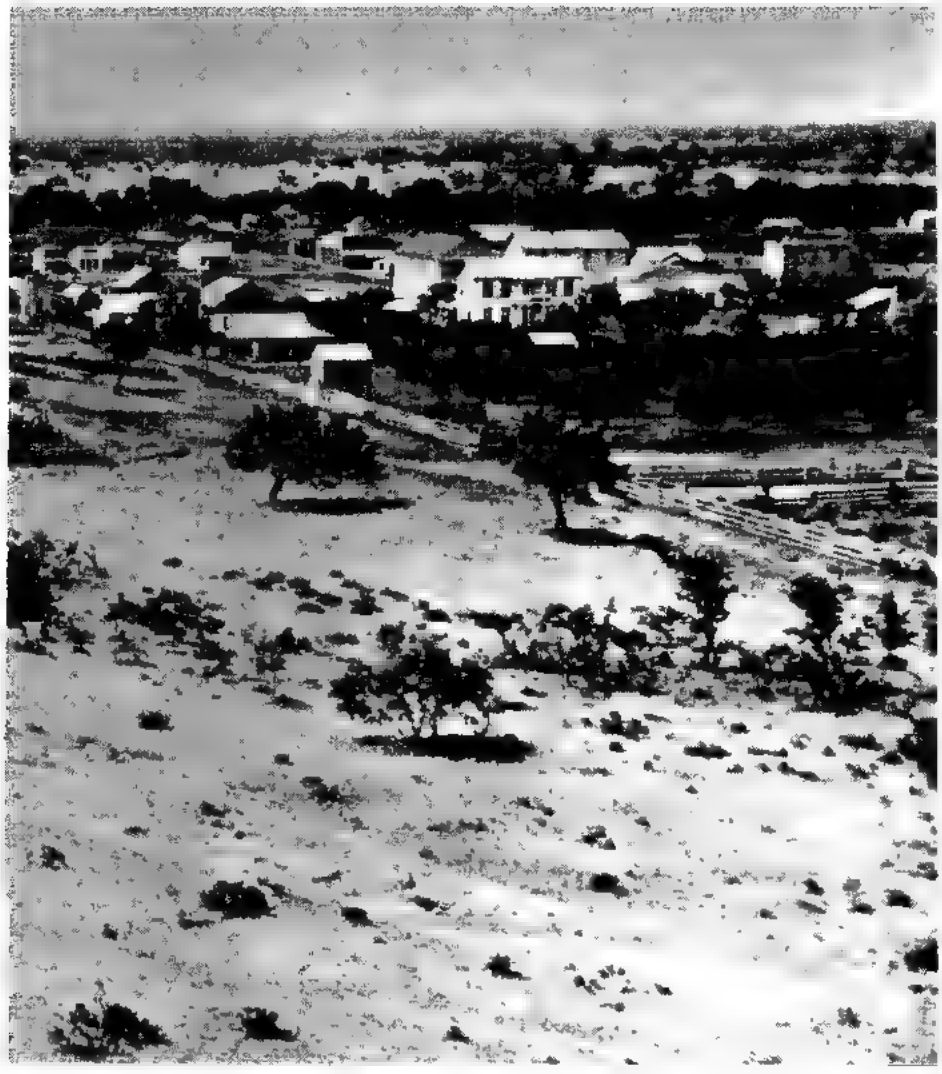


ence. But in a very short time Jim had word that conditions at home in Voca were progressing swiftly from bad to worse than bad, and he returned home not waiting for the birth of the baby. Back at Voca, he wrote Vie that things were in an "awful" state. The horse, Old Morgan, was in bad shape. The cattle were little more than skin and bones. Crops were bad to nonexistent. But also—with the optimism characteristic of Jim Longley—he wrote that "we will come out of this and be fine."

The third child, Berta, also a girl, was born at the Draper home on July 4, 1886.

SOMETIME after Jim had taken his family back home to Voca, it was decided because of the drouth to sell an eighty-acre block of land they had purchased. Their good friend and neighbor, George W. Banta, assumed the note they had given in purchase of the land.

A fourth child came to the Longleys in 1888, again a girl. They named her Rose. Fifty-five years later on the occasion of her birthday (World War II was in progress) Rose, then Mrs. Neill Masterson, received a memorable letter from her oldest sister Mary, then Mrs. J. C. Hooker:

"Colorado City, Texas
"March 15, 1943

"My dear Rose and Neill:

"I hope this reaches you on your birthday—tried to write yesterday, but had company.

"Rose, I remember how Mama and Papa always remembered your birthday and would speak of it all day on March 17th, and Papa never failed to remember and speak of it as long as he lived.

"I remember as well as if yesterday how late one evening Mama sat on the front step, and we were all playing around and Papa was cutting up wood—the big chips he was making!—and Mama said to him as he came up to the door, 'Jim I'm sick. You'd better take the children to Auntie's [her Aunt Ellen Richardson] and get her or Grandma Stewart to come.' I can't remember very much about Auntie's house, only it was not very far there. Then sometime in the early morning I heard Uncle Matt [Richardson] say, 'So they have a new baby girl at Jim's,' and I could not sleep anymore. Later they took us home and we could hardly wait to get there to see the new baby.

"Mrs. Poe—'Aunt Liney Poe'—met us in the yard and said she found you in a hollow stump, and she ran and ran after the doctor through the bushes and brush and spread out her hands and said 'See where I scratched my hands,' and they were all scratched up. Now I wonder how she really had scratched them. You know she was a 'midwife'. Later Mama had 'child bed fever' they called it then, and Papa had two doctors with Mama. I think now that the woman's infected hands may have caused that, and it's a wonder Mama ever got well—way out there in that primitive settlement. They had Dr. Jodie McKnight and Dr. Wilson with Mama. Dr. McKnight is head doctor now at the Carlsbad Sanitorium near San Angelo, Texas. I remember he was the handsomest man I ever saw.

"He had a sweetheart then named Lindy Lemons. Mama was always talking about how pretty they danced together. Once all the young people 'stormed' Mama and Papa and came in to dance. They had musicians with them. I remember the fiddlers, and how pretty the music sounded, and how they all laughed and had such a good time. Mama and Papa danced too—it was mostly waltzing—and I can see Jodie and Lindy waltzing

The old rock building which served as a church and schoolhouse in Voca, Texas, where the Longley children grew up. The shed room, tin roof, and front door overhang are additions of the last 30 to 40 years.

now, so smooth and even, and how good-looking he was, and how pretty and pink-cheeked and bright-eyed she was, with brown curly hair. I can't remember much about the others—only how happy they were!

"I think they took along 12 inch planks and put them on nail kegs to make benches all around the floor, and the floor was new. Now I think they knew that floor was new, and those young folks wanted to dance on it. . . .

"Now in this war-torn world I wonder if people can ever be as happy and carefree as they were that night. They had no idea then of war as it is today. But people are strange animals. In such peace as the world enjoyed then they had to get into something, so they formed mobs. Our peace there was shattered by a mob, and we left that lovely settlement that to my childish mind was Eden then. The good neighbors Mama had, and wild cows and wild hogs, the rivers and creeks full of the finest fish on earth, and the fine gardens and fine fruit, and the good yam potatoes, and the finest hams ever cured—wild honey and deer and kraut in barrels, and all the rich milk and butter, and the Sunday meetings and Camp Meetings, and a little red rock school house where Claud and I started to school and where they had the community Christmas tree, and that little town of Voca where we bought candy and sardines and salmon and flour. They had a big old mill where we took the corn for meal. And Brady and Brownwood were the big towns, and Mama and Papa took wool and pecans to sell, and all of us and Uncle Matt used to go thrash and gather up the big pecans on the San Saba River and on Lost Creek. I will never forget those towering pecan trees, and Papa and Uncle Matt climbing way up in the trees, and walking the limbs and thrashing

At left, Jodie McKnight, who danced with Lindy Lemons at the Longley "tent house." McKnight studied medicine and became a respected man in his profession. He founded the McKnight State Tuberculosis Hospital. At right is Lindy Lemons, McKnight's dancing partner. She later married James Stiles.

Below, the west side of the town square in Brady, Texas, 1901.

with a long pole, so nimble and quick, laughing and singing. I can see them yet, and Mama and all of us picking up those fat pecans.

"Then they would build a fire and cook meat on a stick, and bake potatoes and bake biscuits in a dutch oven—coals on the lid—and have onions and some dessert brought from home, and coffee boiled in a can. That was the best eating! Most times the dessert was ginger cakes and cookies that Mama had baked the day before. The cookies were 'tea-cakes' with sugar springled on top. Mama made the finest.

"Then they would go fishing—all gather at some home on the creek or River, and the women and children all stayed in the house putting the children to sleep in 'trundle beds' and pallets—and the men set trot lines and fished all night. I remember them coming up from the creek in early morning with *big fish*—sometimes big enough to have a rail run through the gills and carried on the men's shoulders, fish tails dragging. Then the cooking came—out in the yard, and how I wish for some of that golden brown fish today.

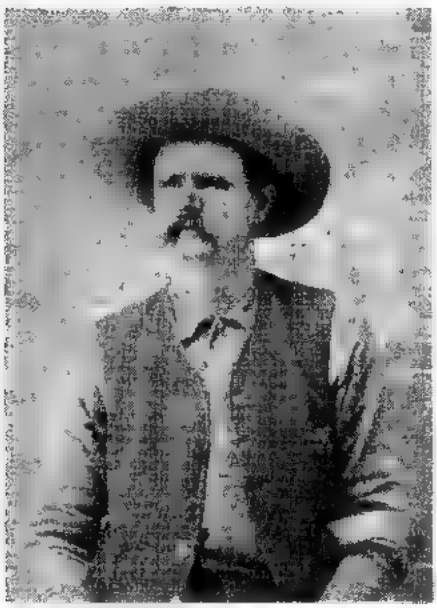
"They would rob wild bee trees and come in with great pans and buckets of golden honey, and they also had tame bees (bees in a hive), and when a crowd would come or some of the kinfolks from Florence, Papa would put a net over his head and get a smoke on a stick and 'rob the bees'.

"We had time for so much. They killed their own fat beeves and divided up among the neighbors, and then the neighbors would kill and divide, too. They dried strips of beef on a rope or on the roof, and we ate dried beef. And was it good! We cut up peaches and dried them, and Mama made fried pies, and they raised the biggest juicy watermelons—and had chickens to kill anytime. . . .

"Mama milked those cows in a big rail pen, and all us kids had tin cups. We stayed outside the pen and beat the cups on the rails, and Mama would come get our cups and milk them full of warm

(Continued on page 44)

Above, Sheriff F. M. Miller and wife, Thurza. Below, left, Jim Longley's friend, George W. Banta. Below, George Banta with his wife, Mary, and child.



THE BATTLES OF WICHITA

By DR. MILDRED P. MAYHALL

Photos Provided by Author
Courtesy Kansas State
Historical Society, Topeka

The Indians had a name for the handful of infantry sent to control them—the "Walk-A-Heaps." Considering the foot soldiers' ineffectiveness on the Plains, this derogatory term was remarkably apt...

At left, Major Earl Van Dorn, Commander of the Washita Expedition (1858-59), shown with the sword presented to him by his Mississippi admirers after the wound received in the battle had healed. On right, "Indians on Warpath," from *Harpers Weekly*, June 18, 1870.

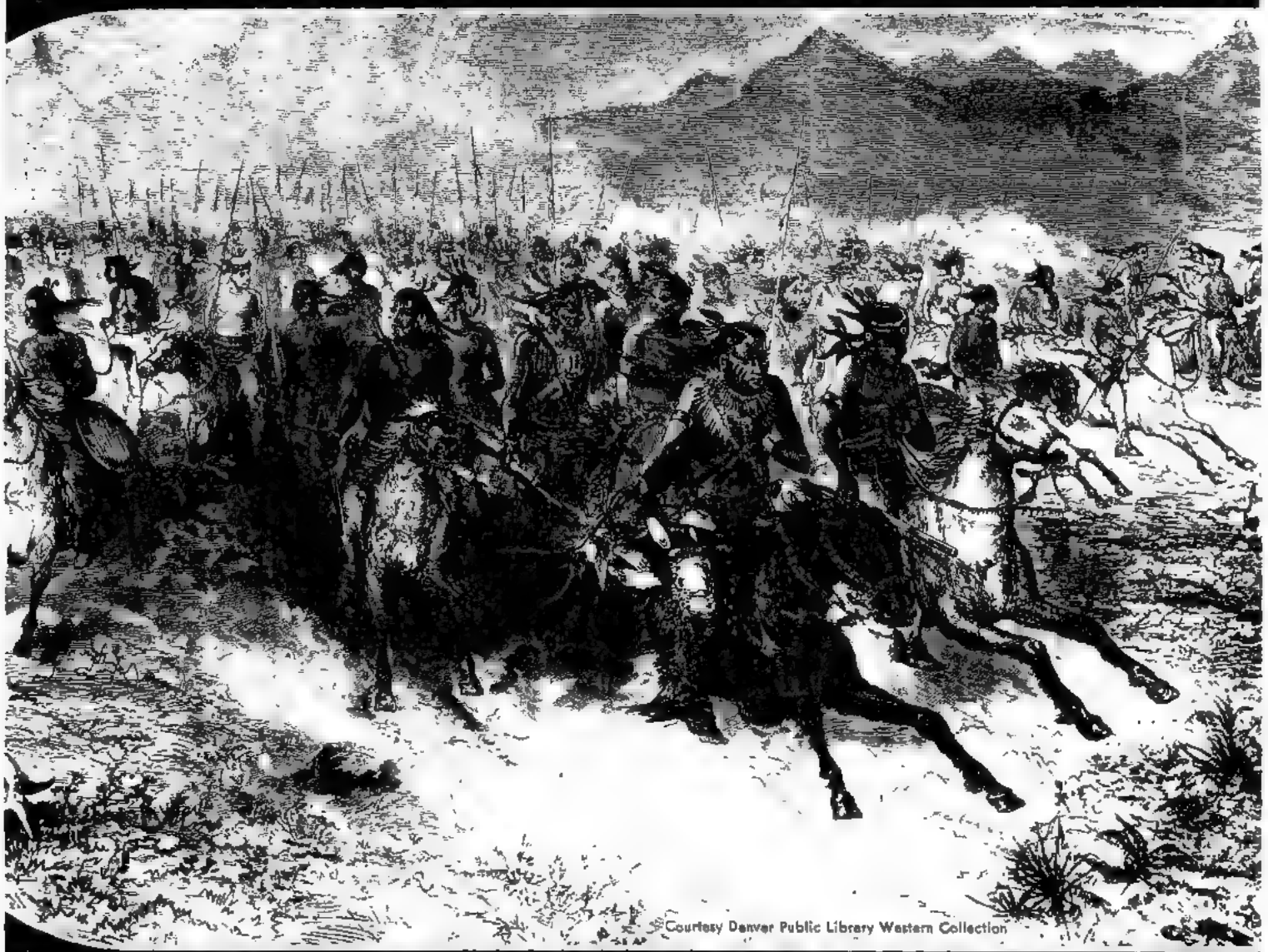
THE Mexican War, 1846-1848, checked but did not stop entirely the Indian raids into Texas and Mexico. At its end, the raids flared up again and continued into the 1850s despite the building of military forts across the northern and western frontiers of Texas and extending into the Southern Plains, and despite treaties such as the one made by German colonists with the Penatethka Comanches in Texas, 1847, and the Treaty of Fort Atkinson, Kansas, 1853 made by Indian Agent Thomas Fitzpatrick with the Kiowas, Comanches, Kiowa-Apaches, Southern Cheyennes, and others.

The western frontier of the United States in 1848 extended from the Rio Grande to Canada. The army could not control this vast area with limited mounted troops; could not watch over the trails to California and the northern Pacific, or protect settlers seeking homes in the prairies, plains, and lands newly acquired from Mexico. The forts were too far apart and too poorly manned—largely with infantry—to possess striking power against the mobile and warlike Plains tribes, a new type of Indian to many of the settlers.

The Indians were not greatly concerned by the forts; they passed around them. Dohasan, head chief of the Kiowas, said that "Washington" was "bluffing" the Indians. The Kiowas, Comanches, and their allies kept on stealing horses and children especially in northern Mexico, although they had to by-pass the Texas Rangers southwest of San Antonio by crossing the Rio Grande farther north; they also took an enormous toll of the increased California-bound traffic, heightened by the gold rush of 1849, on the Santa Fe Trail.

In 1848 Santa Ana and Buffalo Hump (Pochana-quoip), leading war chiefs of

VILLAGE AND CROOKED CREEK



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

the Penatethkas (Southern Comanches), complained to Robert S. Neighbors, Indian Agent, that they were having skirmishes with the Texas Rangers near San Antonio as the Indians moved south along their favorite trail into Mexico. They crossed the Rio Grande near present-day Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras. Robert Neighbors warned them against any conflict with the Rangers and—unable to dissuade them from their customary war parties or to stop them—suggested that they cross the river farther north. The Indians went on with their raiding and enslaving. (By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States had promised to keep its Indians out of Mexico.)

General David E. Twiggs, in the late 1850s commanding the Eighth Department of the United States Army, was sympathetic to the Texans who, burdened with debts from the days of the Republic, had no money to provide a force against this menace. Twiggs, from Georgia, was a true son of the South, sturdy and jolly, often profane, thoroughly at home with and well liked by the Texans. He felt that Texas was markedly mistreated by the federal government. From 1848 to 1850, the government did everything it could to keep Texas from gaining the eastern part of New Mexico. Texas claimed this land east of the Rio Grande. This was settled in 1850 when Congress determined the northern boundary of Texas and bought out Texas' claim farther north for ten million dollars. Mostly, the money went for debts and the state continued in financial straits. Although some attempts were made to provide forts and mounted troops to give protection, they were far from adequate. At times Texas had to call out Rangers to patrol its borders at state expense.

In 1858, after repeated pleas and petitions by citizens and by the legislature for federal military help, General Twiggs received authority to begin plans for an active punitive campaign against the Indians, especially the hostile Comanches. Thus some hope of protection was offered to harassed settlements in Parker, Palo Pinto, Jack, Stephens and Young Counties at that time the extreme northwestern frontier.

AT Fort Belknap plans were made for a campaign against the Comanches and their allies who had made themselves desperately hated by their vicious attacks. Buffalo Hump, a leading war chief of the Penatethkas who had joined with some of the Northern Comanches after refusing to join his rival, Chief Ketum-see, on the Clear Fork Reservation, sent word to the reserve Indians that he would be down to wipe them out and would do the same for the military at Fort Chadbourne farther west.

Captain (Brevet Major) Earl Van Dorn was ordered by General Twiggs to chastise the Comanches even if it involved following them into Indian Territory north of Red River. Van Dorn was an ambitious soldier, well known on the Texas frontier since 1856. He commanded troops A, F, H, and K of the Second Cavalry.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

At right, Second Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee. Below, Asa Havie (The Milky Way) was coordinate chief with To-shawa in 1859, after Chief Ke-tumsee of the Penatethka Comanches died. The Penatethkas under Ke-tumsee were the only Comanches to submit to living on the Clear Fork Reservation in Texas, and the other Comanches were hostile toward them because of it.

Smithsonian Institution Photo; Neg. No. 1727 (R)

Van Dorn felt that the Texas Rangers and volunteers had been shown favoritism by Indian Agent Shapley P. Ross of the Brazos Agency and Reserve by letting them have the aid of the reserve Indians. This Ross denied, saying that he had also offered the aid of the Indian scouts to the regular army several times but it had been refused. The "friendly" Indians were then invited to accompany the Second Cavalry. They accepted. Ross, who in April 1858 had helped Captain John Salmon Ford and his Texas Rangers by actually leading the Indian allies, also went along but for reasons of health relinquished field leadership to his young son, Lawrence Sullivan (Sul) Ross, twenty years of age, then home from college.

One hundred and thirty-five Indians, as guides and warriors, were recruited and led by Nasthoe (Shot in the Foot) of the Wacos and Tawakoni Jim of the Tawakonis. Other Indians—Ionis, Anadahcos, and Tonkawas—were included in the friendly Indians of the Brazos Reserve. None was taken from the Comanche Reserve as they were relatives of the hostiles.

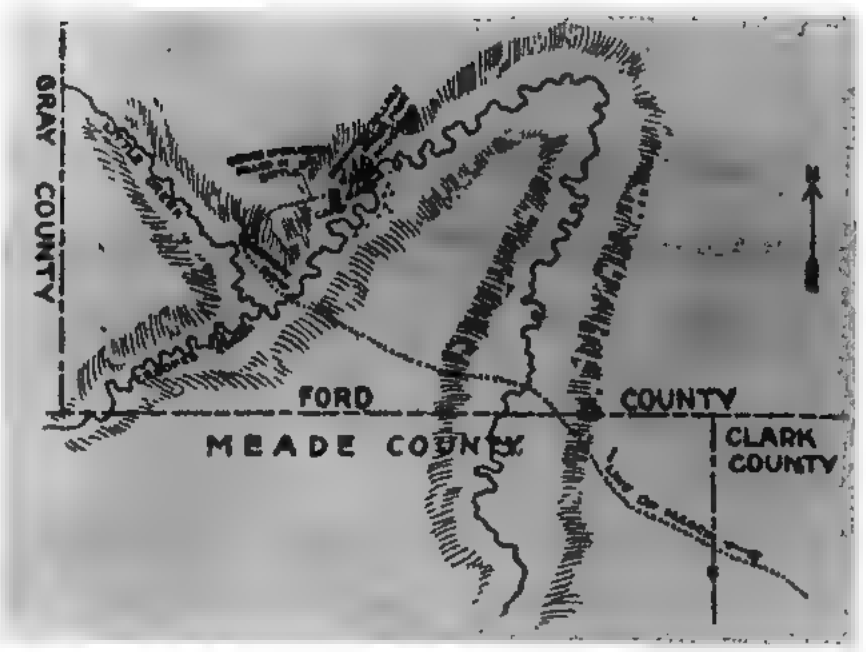
At the same time preparations were being made for this military campaign, officers at Fort Arbuckle were helping the Department of the Interior, then interested in seeking a treaty with the Comanches—the same Comanches Van Dorn was seeking to punish! The War Department and the Interior Department were not aware of each other's interest.

Van Dorn left Fort Belknap on September 15, 1858, well armed, supplied, and mounted. He led four companies of the Second Cavalry, one company of the First Infantry, and the friendly Indian contingent under Sul Ross. They marched north, the Indians in the forefront, crossed Red River, then went up the

North Fork of the Red, and made a camp —Camp Radziminski—on Otter Creek west of the Wichita Mountains (near present-day Tipton, Oklahoma).

Scouts were sent to search for the Comanches. Nasthoe and his son, Wau-see-sic-can, went east to the Wichita village near Rush Springs. Here they found a large group of Comanches who had set up their lodges nearby while visiting the Wichitas and partaking of a somewhat grudging hospitality. The Comanche camp, a group of mixed bands, was under the leadership of Quo-ho-ah-te-me (Hair Bobbed on One Side) and several other chiefs including Ho-to-yo-ko-wot (Over the Buttes) and Buffalo Hump whose followers were now estranged from the Penatethkas under Ketum-see on the Texas Comanche Reserve.

The Comanches had visited Fort Ar-



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

At right, the location of the Battle of Crooked Creek in Kansas. Below, Buffalo Hump, son of Chief Buffalo Hump. His father led one faction of the Penatethka Comanches who were hostile to the Texans and to the Penatethkas under Chief Ketumsee. Photo by Alexander Gardner. Washington, D. C., 1872.

Smithsonian Institution Photo, Neg. No. 1736

buckle to confer with its officers about making a peace. Negotiations were not completed but plans had been made to talk again. They camped near the Wichitas, trading, gambling, and enjoying themselves hugely, confident that they were safe because the officers at Fort Arbuckle were busily promoting a truce.

NASTHOE and Wau-see-sic-can visited their kinsmen, the Wichita chiefs How-its-cahde and Esadowa, at night, to warn them that soldiers from the south were planning to fall on the Comanches. The Wichitas then warned the Comanches, who had also been alerted by two of their own men returning from a raid into Mexico, Auti-toy-bitsy (Brown Young Man) and another warrior whose name is forgotten. The two raiders had noticed the camp at Otter Creek in passing, and suspected trouble. Quo-ho-ah-te-me sent them back to keep an eye on the soldiers.

On September 29, Nasthoe and Wau-see-sic-can returned and advised Ross that Comanches were visiting the Wichitas. Ross informed Van Dorn who called his officers to a conference. It was then afternoon; they decided to move against the Indians at once. Rush Springs was believed to be about a hundred miles from their camp. Wagons, spare horses and supplies were left in camp under guard. Each man carried rations for two days and his own ammunition in his saddlebags. The four cavalry companies and Indian allies departed at sunset, hoping to reach the village in early morn.

At daylight they were still far from Rush Springs. They rode all day, reaching Medicine Bluff Creek (near present Fort Sill) late in the afternoon of September 30. Worn out, they stopped for coffee and a ration of corn. Auti-toy-bitsy and his Comanche companion were not far behind. When they saw the soldiers march again after eating, they rushed ahead to warn their chief.

Quo-ho-ah-te-me had the village crier call the people to council. The Comanches seemed to fear nothing and refused to break camp. Some of the young bucks wanted to fight, eager for new laurels and war honors. The council determined to stay on, counting on the peace to be made at Fort Arbuckle. Twice warned, the village shook off its fears and settled to sleep, although some of the men spent the evening gambling. Meanwhile, eager to reach the village, Van Dorn pushed on, exhausting his men and mounts in a grueling march to beat the sunrise.

The Indian scouts, far ahead of Van Dorn, came upon the Comanches' large horse herd and sent word back to Van Dorn that they were nearing the village. Van Dorn and his forces marched in columns of two, all companies abreast, with the friendly Indians moving out to the right. The Tonkawas were selected to drive off the Comanche horses. On the morning of October 1, they neared the silent, sleeping village undetected—and the bugle sounded the charge.

The surprised Comanches rushed out to shoot their arrows at the soldiers and horses bearing down upon them, covering

Above, Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee (circa 1855), second in command of the Second Cavalry in 1855. Below, To-sho-wa (Silver Knife), a coordinate chief with Asa Havie.

Smithsonian Institution Photo

the flight of their anguished women and children who sought safety in the brush. The braves who ran for their horses found them gone—stampeded by the Tonkawas. Soon the fighting became hand-to-hand encounters, noisily attended by shots and yells and whoops. Van Dorn led the attack on the upper part of the village with three companies. Captain Nathan G. Evans with the fourth company and the Indian allies led the fight on the lower part of the village.

During the close-in fighting, Sergeant John W. Spangler killed two Indians. Sul Ross with Lieutenant Cornelius Van Camp, Private C. C. Alexander, and a Caddo Indian rushed out to follow some fleeing Comanches, but seeing they were women and children, turned back. Ross spied a white child and called to the Caddo to fetch her along. Just then some Indians rushed upon them. Van Camp and Alexander were struck down by arrows and Ross' gun misfired.

Mohee, a Comanche, picked up Alexander's gun to shoot Ross, who had just been struck by an arrow and was paralyzed, unable to move. As Mohee came at Ross, Lieutenant James Major galloped up and shot Mohee, saving Ross' life. Other soldiers, following Major, drove the Comanches back into the heavy brush. Some of the cavalrymen galloped after them, overtaking and killing a few.

Lieutenant James Harrison chased one group and recovered some horses. He was almost shot by his own soldiers as he returned. Tired from thirty-six hours in the saddle and almost four hours of fighting, the troops slowly set about burning the Indian lodges with all their furnishings and provisions, including large amounts of dried buffalo meat and pemmican. Captain Charles Whiting was in command, as Van Dorn was badly wounded with an arrow in the abdomen and another in the wrist. Van Camp pulled an arrow from his heart and died immediately. Two enlisted men were dead and Sergeant P. E. Garrison was mortally wounded. Nine enlisted men, Sul Ross, and a medical officer were wounded.

Fifty-six Indians were left dead on the battlefield. Van Dorn believed over four hundred Indians participated in the fight. Three of the friendly Indians were killed, and two wounded died later, five casualties in all. One hundred and twenty Indians lodges were burned and supplies destroyed. Three hundred horses were captured.

CAPTAIN WHITING sent to Fort Arbuckle for medical aid, ambulances, and rations for four days. Captain W. R. Prince at Fort Arbuckle responded immediately. Surgeon John J. Gaenslene separated the arrow from the shaft, then pulled the arrow from Van Dorn's body. It was five days before he was moved in a litter to Camp Radziminski. The dead were buried on the battlefield with one exception; Van Camp's body was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Among the Comanches killed were Arickarosap (White Deer), Tanowine, and Auti-toy-bitsy, the spy. The village and the cornfields of the Wichitas were wrecked. Fearful of possible Comanche

revenge, the Wichitas fled en masse to Fort Arbuckle for sanctuary. Here they stayed for a time, then built a new village near the Chickasaws.

Van Dorn secured sick leave and went to his home in Mississippi to recuperate. He later described his desperate experience. "When I pulled the arrow from me the blood flowed as if weary of service and impatient to cheat me of life, spilling like red wine from a drunkard's tankard. It was sublime to stand thus on the brink of the dark abyss, and the contemplation was awful. I had faced death often, but never so palpably before. I gasped in dreadful agony for several hours, but finally became easy, and now am well. My noble, faithful horse stood over me where I fell and looked the sympathy he could not utter, and if I had died there I would not have been friendless. If several soldiers had not come up just as I was shot, I would have been stuck full of arrows as Gulliver was by the Lilliputians, and my best friends could not have picked me out from a dozen porcupines."

Van Dorn recovered rapidly. A song, "The Wichita March," was composed by his sister to honor him, and he was lionized. He later returned to Camp Radziminski, where the command spent the winter of 1858-59 gathering provisions, caring for the wounded, and preparing for another sortie against the enemy. A train of twenty wagons had brought initial supplies furnished by Contractor Duff. More wagons traversed the route from Fort Belknap. Captains Charles Whiting and Nathan G. Evans patrolled the region watching for Comanches, Kiowas and their allies.

The Comanches had fled north after their defeat and joined the Kiowas on the Arkansas, wintering quietly. Here the Comanches sold to the Kiowas a Mexican captive boy named Esteban, who had been captured in Chihuahua by Arickarosap's raiding party. In later years he became a medicine man and warrior among the Kiowas, and was renamed Quitan.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Captain Edmund Kirby Smith in 1861.

In November 1858, Camp Radziminski was moved up Otter Creek a few miles; in March 1859 another move was made when the horses and mules needed better grazing. The last was located in a gorge between granite peaks, on the west bank of the creek. Soldiers lived in tents with logs and blocks of sod built up against the tent walls to make them snug against winter's cold and snow. Guards were kept on watch to prevent Indian attacks and theft of their horses. The horses were trained with special calls and signals to run into camp. Communications were carried on with Fort Belknap and some of the officers visited there. (One returned to Belknap to be wed—Lieutenant James E. Harrison married the daughter of Matthew Leeper, Indian Agent for the Penatethka Comanches on the Clear Fork Reserve.)

Serving at the camp were two men, an interpreter and a scout, Philip McCusker and John Coyle (both later known in Fort Sill). In the spring the garrison was reinforced with two troops of cavalry, and several officers returned from leave. Among these were Captain Edmund Kirby Smith, second in rank to Major Van Dorn, Lieutenant George B. Cosby, Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee and others. Major W. H. Emory with a battalion was sent to Fort Arbuckle.

Even with a bitter winter, the soldiers had some pleasure. They enjoyed hunting wild game west of the Wichita Mountains, then a veritable hunter's paradise of buffalo, deer, bear and bighorn sheep. Drills were kept up, and horses were carefully recruited for a spring campaign. When snow covered the grass, the animals were fed on the sweet bark of the cottonwood trees. An expedition was planned against the Comanches as soon as the horses could be put in good condition.

Captain John S. Ford with his Texas Rangers (still on patrol after their successful fight against the Comanches in the spring of 1858) visited the camp and sounded out Van Dorn in regard to a joint campaign but Van Dorn was not agreeable to the suggestion, so Ford returned to his camp near Fort Belknap.

In April, Major Van Dorn moved north to further chastise the hostile Comanches. Far beyond the Texas boundary he found and engaged them. This fight in Kansas he called the "Battle of the Nescatunga," but it was later to be known as the "Battle of Crooked Creek."

Battle of Crooked Creek

AFTER Van Dorn had returned to his command at Camp Radziminski, in good health and completely well of the severe wounds he had received in the Battle of the Wichita Village, he requested Indian Agent Ross at the Brazos Reserve to send some friendly Indians to help as scouts for the campaign. Fifty-eight Indians were obtained—Caddos, Keechies (Kichais), Tonkawas, Delawares, and others under the leadership of Jack Harry (Delaware) and Shawnee Jim (Shawnee). Shawnee was a veteran of the Texas Revolution, a man of intelligence and ability, who spoke good English and served as an interpreter.

On April 30, 1859 Van Dorn led six troops of cavalry north, crossing the valleys of the Washita, Canadian (South and North), and Cimarron Rivers, with the Indian scouts always moving ahead. Each day they made a camp at sunset, ate their supper, then moved forward at dark to a new camp, to confuse or outwit any possible spies who might be near. On the fourth marching day, the Indian scouts captured a young Comanche boy, who said that he was one of a party of three on their way south to steal horses in Texas. He said that his people were in a camp two days' journey beyond the Cimarron. The boy was forced to lead the way there.

The South Canadian was in flood and unfordable so they made a camp beside it, about thirty miles below the Antelope

(Continued on page 65)

Two survivors of the battle of Crooked Creek in 1912. Kah-wid-dia (Waco) on left. Ni-Astor (Towakony) on right. They were among a band of 58 friendly Indians who accompanied Van Dorn's expedition.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Walt was on night guard when he learned that the Fort Belknap had until daybreak to live. Was there was the risk too great?

REPPING WITH

WHEN the Circle C outfit in Montana was sold to the Matador Land & Cattle Company in 1916 Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman, and myself stayed on that summer to sort of pick up the loose ends and lend a helping hand to their manager Matt Walker until he got onto the ropes.

Ever since my father had located his ranch at the foot of the Little Rockies in 1886, the same year that the nearby Fort Belknap Indian Reservation was established, he had had a government permit to run a specified number of cattle on the reservation. Now with the outfit sold it was my job to work with the ID (Indian Department) roundup wagon on the fall beef roundup, to gather the Circle C remnant steers that still remained on government land.

Repping with the ID wagon was a job I looked forward to with mixed feelings, both of pleasure and nostalgic sadness. It would be my last chance to work with the full-blood Assiniboines and Gros Ventres, for the most part young Indians I had grown up with, and the same went for the half-breed sons of the squawmen living on the reservation.

Since memory began I had been made welcome in the lodges of the Old Ones. I had sat by the hour and listened to the legendary stories told by the tribal chiefs

UNZ ORG
UCTION PROHIB

Agency Stockman of time to warn him or

By WALT COBURN
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom

Walt had to let the wagon boss know that trouble was in the air—big trouble.

THE ID WAGON

and medicine men handed down through countless generations. More often than not I had gone with my brother Wallace who understood and talked both Assiniboine (a Siouan tribe) and Gros Ventres (a Blackfoot tribe), and it was through Wallace, who was made an honorary tribal chief of the Assiniboines, that I came to know well and understand the heart of the Indian and pick up a smattering of the language and sign talk. It was the old Assiniboine Chief Black Dog who appointed himself my godfather and gave me my tribal name of Ocksheebie, meaning "Boy."

Black Dog had three brothers: Iron Horn, Long Knife and Watch His Walking. I grew up with Iron Horn's sons Jesse and his older brother Mark who died when he was in his early teens, and with Long Knife's sons, Abe and Roy, and with Tom Walking who died young. Those full-blood boys and a score of others I had grown up with from early boyhood into young manhood were my friends, loyal and staunch in the true meaning of friendship. They were all good horsemen, good cowhands, and all of them had worked as cowhands for our outfit at different times.

Among the full-bloods working with the ID roundup wagon that last year were Jesse Iron Horn, Abe and Roy Long

PROHIBITED

Andy Ashurst on left, a full-blood Indian at right.

Knife, Andrew White Horse, Herb Fish (son of old Fish Gut), Merlin Shield (son of Takes The Shield), Joe Walk Slow, and several others. Among the squaw-men's sons were Charlie Ohlerking, Bob and Ed Kirkaldie, one of the Snell boys, and George Contway, an older halfbreed with a sprinkling of gray in his black hair.

EXCEPT for the government appointed Agency Stockman, Andy Ashurst, I was the only other white man with the ID roundup outfit. Andy was wagon boss, and he lived at the sub-agency with his wife and two children. To the best of my recollection he had been stationed at Lodge Pole for over a year and during his brief sojourn there he and Jake Myers had become close friends and he was a frequent visitor at the home ranch. He was a tall handsome man with black hair and tanned skin, a good cowhand and salty of manner who gave the appearance of being able to take his own part.

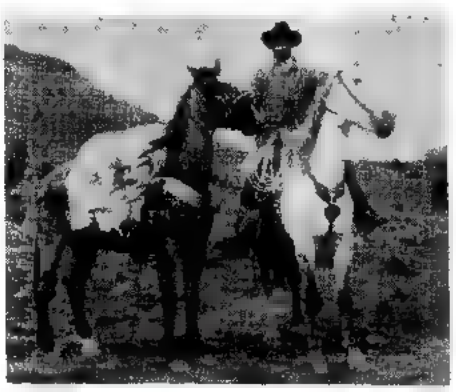
On his last visit to the ranch Jake Myers had sold him a goodlooking, bald-faced, stocking-legged black gelding called Pigeon, a showy horse out of my string that I had used for a town horse. I'd bought Pigeon when he was a green bronc for twenty-five dollars. He was showy in both color and the way he carried himself, high-headed and high-tailed, proud-like. But he was too high-chinned and too much of a star gazer to be a good cutting horse, and perhaps a little too high-strung and hot-blooded to be depended on for a rope horse.

When I sashayed that showy gelding down the main street in town every girl stopped in her tracks to give us the eye and a come-hither smile. And in spite of the fact that I rode the shortest stirrup in the outfit, it made me feel tall in the saddle, and I knew by the way Pigeon danced the cake-walk he was enjoying it as much as his rider. Some horses are natural show-offs and Pigeon belonged in that class.

Wallace took a shine to Pigeon so I let him have the fancy gelding. Every horse in Wallace's string was what he called a hunting horse, broke to stand tracked under gunfire and broke to lie down and lie still on one side while Wallace rested a carbine or hunting rifle along the saddle and emptied the magazine. But Pigeon was gun shy. The first time Wallace tried him out, firing a six-shooter, he really chinned the moon, pitched a few licks, then stampeded, so Wallace gave my fancy town horse back to me.

Wallace had organized a motion picture company to make silent westerns. He and a professional script writer had made the film version of one of Wallace's poems from his book *Rhymes From A Roundup Camp*, called "Yellowstone Pete's Only Daughter," with Wallace playing the cowboy hero, and that was why he had wanted the spectacular looking Pigeon horse that would photograph well. Those were the days when Tom Mix, Bill Hart and Hoot Gibson were making big money in silent westerns. But like all westerns there was a lot of shooting going on and the filming of "Yellowstone Pete's Only Daughter" was definitely no place for a spooky, gun-shy horse.

Andy Ashurst near the Lodge Pole sub-agency in 1915.



I was not aware that Jake Myers had sold Pigeon to the Agency Stockman at Lodge Pole until I sighted Andy Ashurst riding away from the ranch on him, leading the horse he had been riding, and I was a little hot under the collar when I tackled Jake about it.

"You got no kick coming," Jake told me. "You paid twenty-five bucks for that no account crowbait and I sold him to the Stockman for one hundred bucks."

"All right, then," I agreed. "Hand over the money."

"Ashurst don't pack that kinda money in his pants pocket; but don't worry, he'll pay for the horse when he gets his pay check the first of September. By then you'll be reppin' with the ID gut wagon and Ashurst will be ramroddin' the outfit."

THE next week I got busy and tacked shoes on my string of horses, and before I left the ranch I strapped a bell on one of my horses that was apt to be a bunch quitter, a line-backed buckskin three-year-old gelding called Sundance. Sundance was the one most likely to graze off in a coulee and pull out for home when the horse wrangler was day-dreaming while hunkered on the ground in the shade of his horse on some high knoll, or when the nighthawk wasn't tending to business.

When I got to Lodge Pole I found the ID roundup wagons camped on the creek below the sub-agency log buildings. I dropped my string of horses into the grazing remuda and led the pack horse carrying my tarp-covered roundup bed over to the bed wagon before turning him loose. Abe Long Knife was the horse wrangler and I told Abe to keep an eagle eye on the buckskin bell horse.

Abe, unlike his brother Roy, was fat, and easy going. Roy had been around white cowpunchers and had picked up a lot of the white man's habits and talked good English that he spiced with slang, while Abe was more Indian in his ways and the slow manner he had of speaking. And it was from the paunchy Abe that I got the notion that all was not as well as it might be at the ID roundup—that there were war clouds on the horizon.

"You got your six-shooter?" Abe asked me a little hesitantly.

"Shore. It's in my warsack in my bed."

I knew there was a sort of law against packing a gun on the reservation. Even the Indian police packed clubs instead of hand guns. Andy Ashurst packed a Colt .45 as a badge of authority and that was about all.

"Mebby you better shove your gun in your Levi's," Abe advised me.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because one of them Gros Ventres might swipe your gun from your bed." Abe Long Knife, being Assiniboine, was apt to put the blame for any wrong doing on the Gros Ventres.

Long before the coming of the white man, the Assiniboine Sioux and the Gros Ventres had been bitter enemies, and that ancient hatred still existed in their hearts even though to all outward appearances they maintained a forced truce.

"Long time now," Abe Long Knife spoke with slow deliberation, "me'n you good friends."

It was the old familiar preamble, the same words used by all full-bloods when a secret was about to be imparted.

"Ever since we were yearlings, Abe," I agreed solemnly. "Long time now me'n you got plenty many secrets together. What's on your mind?"

George Conway, the half-breed who was put in charge of the ID Roundup after Andy Ashurst's sudden departure, is on left; Walt Coburn, on right.

"Us fellers don't like the new Agency Stockman," Abe said, hesitating a long time as he thought things out. "When the sign she's right, us fellers make the white man feel plenty sorry for what she's done." Abe's swarthy moon face was now wooden, unsmiling. "You keep what I told you a secret." It was a flat statement.

"Shore thing, Abe," I gave my promise. "You got my word on it." And that ended the medicine talk.

I had already heard vague rumors among the full-bloods of their dissatisfaction and dislike of the manner in which Andy Ashurst was running things. Some of the rumors were ugly and dangerous in their veiled accusations although there were no specific details to pinpoint any certain act that violated the Indian Department laws that governed the reservation.

On Issue Ration day when the Indians and their families showed up at the Lodge Pole sub-agency, a certain number of four-year-old beef steers were butchered with the meat divided and rationed along with other issued goods such as flour, beans, sugar, salt, salt-side bacon, calico, beads, and so on. But somehow the Indians were always in need of fresh meat and during the spring, summer and fall months whenever a thunder and lightning storm occurred, a single bolt of chain lightning was apt to kill two or three big beef steers in widely separated places. Several wagons with three or four squaws in each wagon would miraculously show up, armed with whetted butcher knives and in the short space of half an hour all that would be left of the "lightning killed" steer would be a mound of fresh paunch grass. A mounted Indian policeman would show up on the scene, careful to have delayed his arrival until the beef-loaded wagons were pulling out for home.

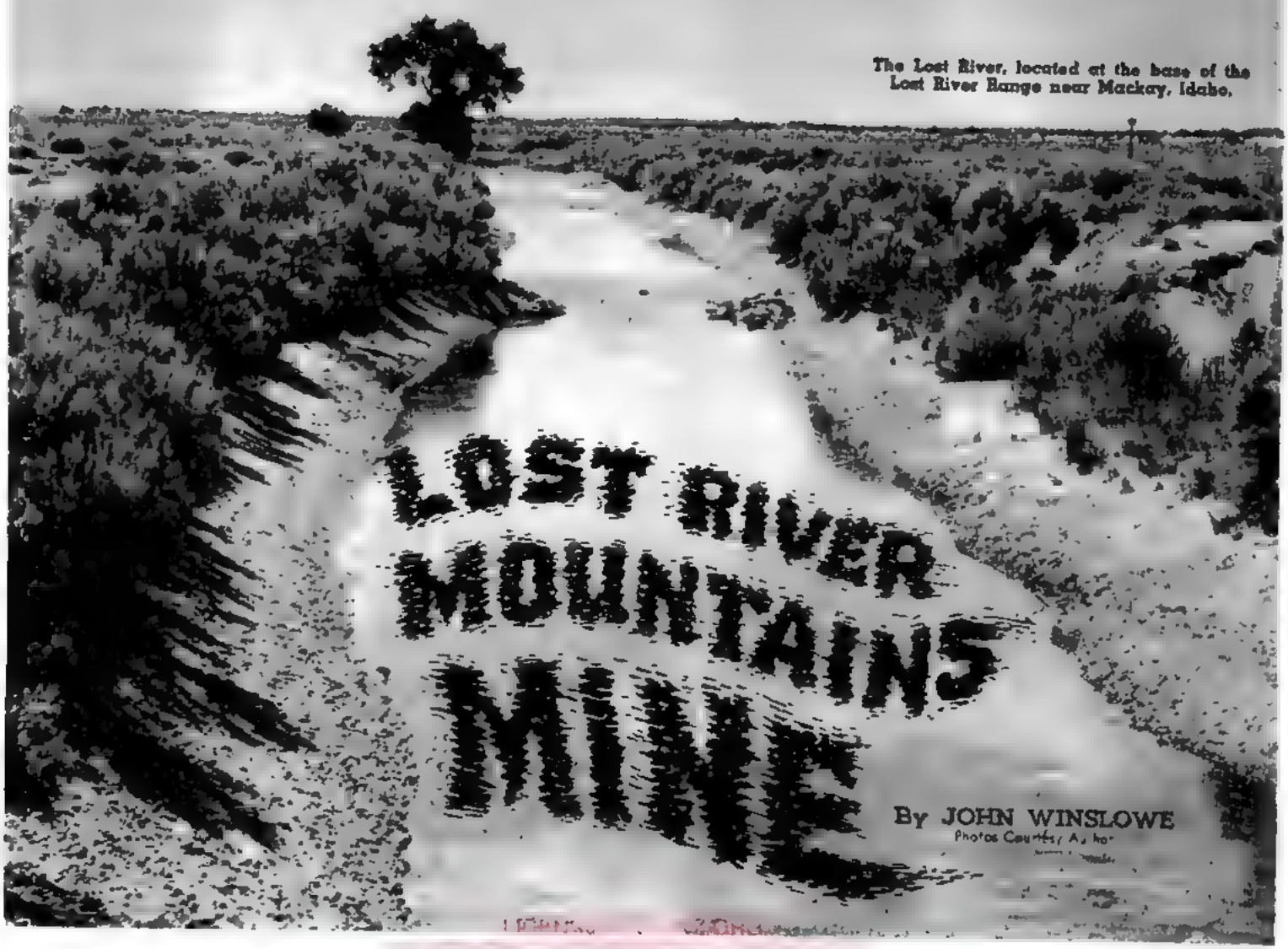
Such killings of fat beef steers by what was commonly known as "Dry Lightning" had been going on since the establishment of the Fort Belknap Reservation in 1886-87, and a wise Agency Stockman in sympathy with the empty-bellied Indians took it in his stride, marking it down in his vest pocket tally book as an act of God or the Great Spirit when he reported the loss to the Fort Belknap Agency.

But this was not so with the comparatively new Agency Stockmen. Andy Ashurst would make a thorough investigation, filing a detailed report of the fresh meat found in half a dozen camps and the green hides with individual num-

(Continued on page 48)

A few of the boys clustered around the camp cook. Andy Ashurst, wagon boss, on far left.

Gunpower and a campfire blew the hopes of recovering this



The Lost River, located at the base of the Lost River Range near Mackay, Idaho.

LOST RIVER MOUNTAINS MINE

By JOHN WINSLOWE

Photos Courtesy Author

MACKAY, IDAHO'S long ago splendor when the adjacent mountain ranges and the Valley of Lost River were a mining paradise has long vanished. The few buildings of the lush period are now largely ruins. The newer ones are down on U. S. Highway 93 as accommodations for tourists, fishermen and hunters. Except that not many of those people come around.

It is a beautiful little village, replete with gory history and stories of millionaires made overnight. But now only very few old-timers remain and probably only two of them can remember the July night in 1894 when George Coffins stumbled into a hotel bar up the main cut that is now a mere red brick wall.

He was bearded, ragged, and dirty but he had a large buckskin poke stuffed with dust and nuggets—about five pounds troy weight.

"Set 'em up and nobody excused!" he squalled in a voice rusty from little use. This honored cry had been a familiar shout in the town's saloons during the 1880s when some lucky prospector struck it rich. But those days had been over for years. Here was a hold-over and a most unexpected occurrence. Everybody present hastened to belly at the bar.

The saloonkeeper resurrected an old scale, weighed out gold from Coffins' heavy poke, and passed over some money to him. A couple of men were nosy enough to inquire politely if Coffins' strike had been made near or far.

The old-time prospector was not about to reveal anything to start a claim-jumping stampede. He merely gestured eastward towards the Lost River Range of stark and stormy mountains. His vague wave of the hand could have meant anything, for those mountains were more than a hundred miles long. "Up there somers in the pass," was all he said.

The listening men naturally assumed that Coffins meant Pass Creek Gorge. There were many others but it was the nearest.

After the crowd dwindled, he confided to the bartender, "I'm gonna buy me some bacon rinds and beans and then get on a real toot. I got more gold in that placer than anybody would believe if I told them, which I ain't gonna. It fills a gravel bed or I'm the biggest liar in the State of Idy-ho!"

Coffins had a few more drinks before returning to his camp outside town on the river bottomlands. The next morning when the few stores opened he brought in two burros and stopped before the largest mercantile establishment on the main cut. He bought plenty of supplies which included three cans of "Little Giant" black powder. If he had had a placer, certainly the explosives would have been unnecessary—a curious question that came up many years later.

After filling panniers on the forked saddles of the burros he returned to camp. Riding back into town he tied up and proceeded to get on his "toot." He was drunk that night, in fact in the maudlin stage, when a friend from elsewhere, James L. Jerome, came in from the Salmon River country. They were

surprised to meet each other in Mackay. Jerome said that he had traveled late and asked if it was Coffins' camp he had seen in the river bottoms.

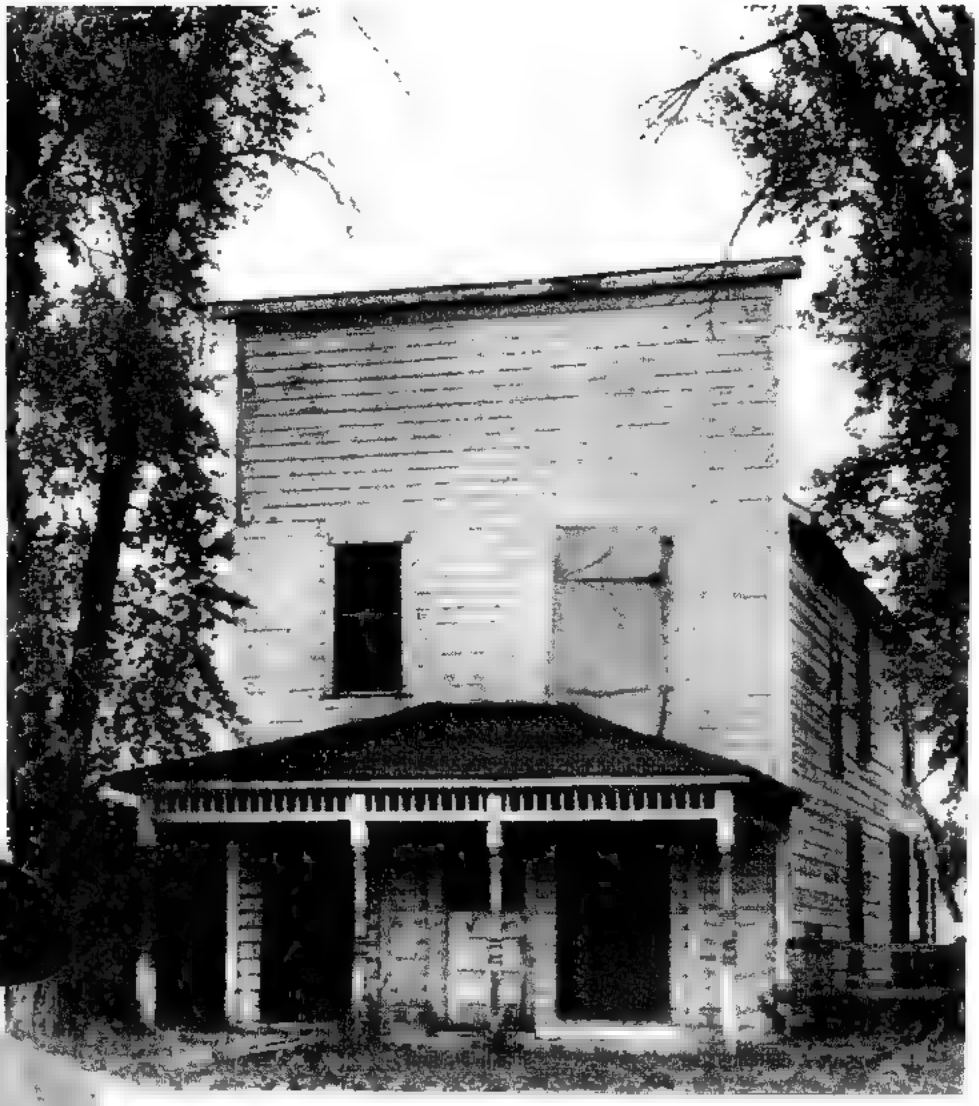
Coffins said it was and he hoped that Jerome would put in with him, adding, "We'll have a high old time tonight and sleep it off in the morning. Then we can traipse out the next day."

"Well, I don't know," Jerome replied cautiously. "I done poorly on the Salmon. Come in looking for a grubstake. I can find one if Tom Hopper is anywheres about."

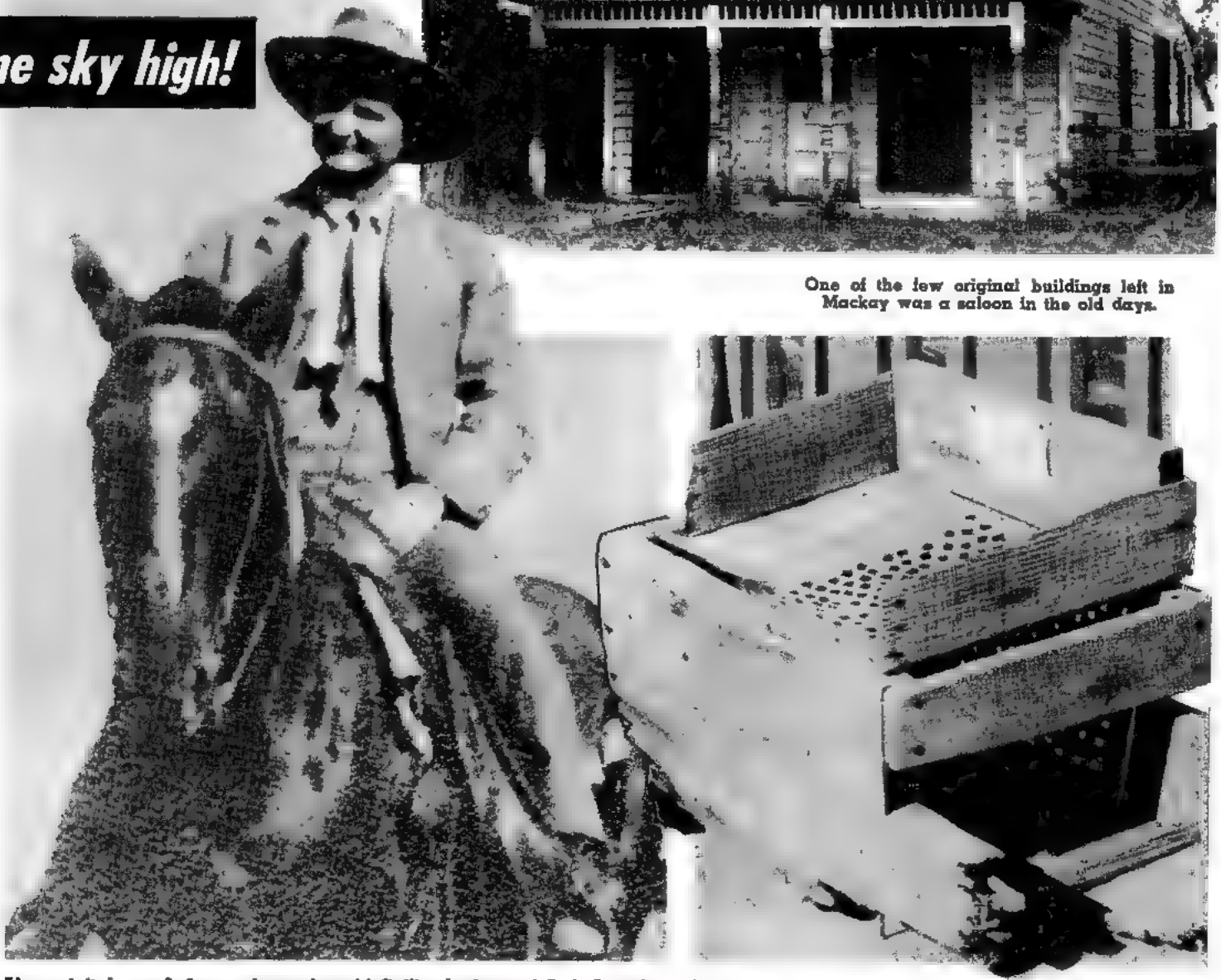
"He ain't. At least, I heard tell he went down to Boise three months ago. But you don't need to look no further for a grubstake. Here!" Under cover of the bar side Coffins pulled out two pokes from inside his jumper. One he had been spending from; the other of equal size he shoved into Jerome's left hand.

"Hide it, and use the stuff. There's a million yet to come from the ground where I got it. You go back with me to my diggin's. Help me and we'll split.

one sky high!



One of the few original buildings left in Mackay was a saloon in the old days.



Above, left, James L. Jerome knew that old Coffins had a real find. At right is the crude type of rocker that Coffins used.

Courtesy Wagon Wheel West Collection, Augusta, Montana

The Lost River Range, near Mackay, Idaho.

There's so damned much that two men can rocker three times what one alone could. Is it a deal?"

BEING most practical Jerome, as they drank along in several saloons, slowly obtained further details before committing himself. Coffins already had a hand rocker built, with two plates below the upper slats that slid off rocks and coarse particles. Also, according to him, they needed no cabin. They would have to leave the mountains with the first winter snow. It would come early. By that time they should have a fortune in raw gold.

Jerome at last was most gratified by being cut in on the strike and said as much. There was no reason why Coffins should be so generous, even taking into account their past friendship. When a man discovered gold, it was all his. Coffins, talking on, described his placer workings. This caused Jerome later to wonder about the cans of powder.

The two kept wandering from one bar to another. During these carousing hours Coffins continued to impart information concerning his strike in the Lost River Mountains. Several times he said that they had only to ascend into the range toward Pass Creek Gorge and turn northwest toward a diamond-pointed peak punching into the azure sky, then they would come onto a small trickling stream bedded with fine gravel. There it was. The gravel reached downward three feet to bedrock and was filled with gold.

"You just come along," Coffins told him. "You'll see for yourself how us two working together can take out plenty, long before snow flies."

For some reason he reverted to describing the hand rocker, how he had chopped down a tree to hew out the timbers. All were small pieces but sufficient to make a three-foot rocker with an attached bar to operate it with; he had flattened tin cans, punched holes in the pieces, and used them over thin timbers to make the plates. The rocks and large gravel went out over those plates. The lower one sieved fine particles into a pile which was then panned out in the stream. What he described might have been make-shift but was a set-up which impressed Jerome.

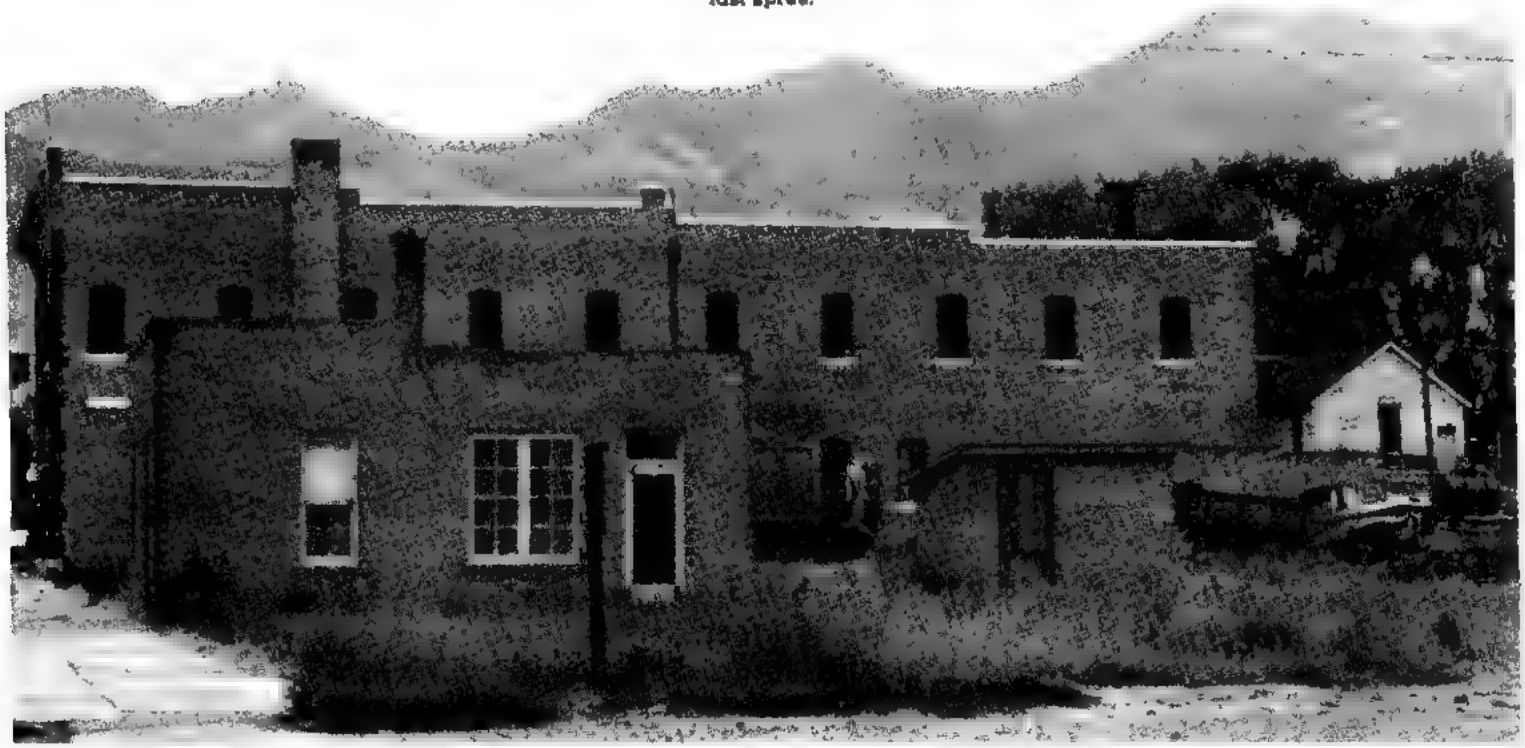
By two o'clock in the morning Coffins was really on a red-nosed spree. Only then did Jerome manage to persuade him to call it quits. The middle-aged Jerome was not a heavy drinker and was in good shape. Managing to get Coffins on his horse where he held to the saddle horn, Jerome led the way from town to the river. He kindled a fire in Coffins' camp and boiled coffee, hoping to partly sober him up. By that time the old prospector was so far gone that he lay on his bed-roll dead to the world. Jerome turned in about 300 yards away.

About dawn Jerome was startled awake by a thundering explosion. Leaping upright, he ran over to Coffins' camp. It had been blown asunder, the old prospector's body torn into pieces.

Jerome saddled his horse and hastened into town. It took a little time to collect local officers. The investigation thereafter was very slow. Not until mid-

(Continued on page 62)

The old red brick Mackay Hotel, abandoned many years ago. Possibly it was in the saloon of this hotel that Coffins went on his last spree.



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, mule skinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Smith-Lewis

I am seeking information about John Francis Smith, who lived around Brazoria or Matagorda, Texas about 1860-70. He was a freighter and Indian trader. It is believed he had a store or trading post just north of Brazoria.

Also, can anyone give me any information about James Samuel Lewis who lived in La Grange, Texas about 1880. He was a cattle and horse breeder and trader. His second wife was M. E. (Lizzie) Hobbs. They moved to Robert Lee, Texas about 1890 where they ran a cafe and hotel. James had several sons and daughters by his first wife and four sons and one daughter by his second wife.—Mrs. W. D. McSmith, 1810, Mesa Verde, Farmington, New Mexico 87401

Bates

My father, Fred Lewis Bates, was born in the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee, possibly in northern Mississippi, on May 8, 1888. He was a barber by trade and at times he wrestled professionally in Arkansas, Texas and Kentucky. He resided in Marshall, Clinton, and Little Rock, Arkansas in the early twenties and operated a barber shop in these places. He was a heavy set man, not too tall, with curly hair.

Unfortunately my parents separated when I was two years of age, and I know very little about my father's family. He had one, possibly two, sisters but I do not know their names. I would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about my grandparents or any other relatives that I might have.—Richard L. Bates, Route 1, Box 79B, Marble Falls, Texas 78654

Collins

I am trying to trace my great-grandfather's family. They lived in or around El Paso, Texas. His name was Luther Hamilton Collins and he was born in El Paso on April 9, 1882. I do not know his father's or mother's names. Some of his sisters were Daisy, Gabriella and Belle. I have never head of any brothers.

The family, including Luther, his sisters and parents, left El Paso some time after 1885 and went back to Newberry, South Carolina. Luther grew up there and eventually married Althea Mae Bates of Batesburg, South Carolina.

Would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who may be related to the Texas branch of the Collins family or from anyone who happens to know anything about the family while they were there. I think my great-grandfather's parents were both born in Texas.—Karen Danese, 7922 Argentine Drive West, Jacksonville, Florida 32217

McLean-Vaughan

I would like to hear from relatives of Jane Vaughan McLean. She married John McLean on June 19, 1855 in Seguin, Texas.

Catherine Vaughan French, wife of Asa French, of Thompsonville, Texas and Barbara Vaughan Waddell, wife of George W. Waddell of Seguin, Texas, were the daughters of George and Catherine (Roberts) Vaughan of South Carolina; Bledsoe and Roon Counties, Tennessee (1809); Columbus, Mississippi (1833); and Prairie Lea and Fentress, Texas (1850).

They were sisters of William Vaughan and James Vaughan. James Vaughan was named after his grandfather, James, of South Carolina who fought in the Revolutionary War. They fought for Texas' independence and were massacred with Fannin's army on March 19, 1836 in Goliad, Texas. They were born in Bledsoe County, Pikeville, Tennessee and volunteered for service from Columbus, Mississippi.—Mrs. Zelma Vaughan Hodlik, 6710 Driftwood, Houston, Texas 77021

Denson

I am interested in contacting any descendants of my grandfather's two brothers, Henry B. and Jay Harvey Denson. They and my grandfather, Thomas B. Denson, were born in Catlin, Chemung County, New York. Their parents were Theodore and Elizabeth Denson and there were ten children. One brother, Henry B., born about 1849 or 1850, started west with his father and at least one younger brother, George (Hoke), and headed for Wisconsin. Somewhere along the line of travel, Henry left the train turning south into Kansas or Kansas City. Story is told that he went into the construction business there. The only record we have of his going to Augusta, Wisconsin was to attend his brother's (Jay H.) funeral in March, 1899.

The other brother, Jay Harvey Denson, was born December 16, 1851 and came to Wisconsin in 1875. He married Capitola Whiting in 1880 and had two sons, Aurthor and Cecil Denson. The last known of Cecil was in Waukegan, Illinois. Jay Harvey passed away March 1899 in Augusta, Wisconsin.—Mrs. W. H. Monroe, 1431 Smith Road, Bellingham, Washington 98225

Cody

Would like information on "Buffalo" Bill Cody and direct descendants. My parents knew a Cody in Cleveland, Ohio in the 1920s who was in real estate and claimed he was a direct descendant of Buffalo Bill.—Charles G. Budy, 555 Galena Street, El Cajon, California 92021

Tucker

I desire any information on Benjamin Hardwell Tucker, my great-grandfather. He and his brother Charles were supposed to be plantation owners in the early 1800s in Florida, Alabama and possibly Georgia. Also, he was supposedly a general in some war and known as "Hell-roaring" Tucker. He is believed to be part Cherokee. He had a son James, and a daughter Thressa Elcie, born April 5, 1857 in Tallahassee, Florida. She was my great-grandmother. I believe he last lived in Limestone County, Alabama.—Mrs. Louis Orinovsky, Route 1, Box 403, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Bates

I am looking for information about my great-grandfather Bates. I believe his first name was John. He married May Lewis, date and place unknown. They lived at Thayer, Missouri in the 1880s. His only child, Daisey Olive Bates, was born at Thayer October 12, 1883. She was my grandmother. John Bates died of consumption when Daisey Olive was a very small child. I have heard that he had a brother living in Arkansas at one time, and also that his family was originally from farther south. Any dates or names or information on him or his parents would be appreciated. I have a picture of him in which he appears to be a thin man with a mustache.—Mrs. James Morris, P. O. Box 284, Bay City, Texas 77414

Walton

I am looking for information about Alice Florence Walton (Spybuck); her race, color or creed—anything to tell of her background. As far as I know she would be over ninety years old. She was married to George Villeneuve when I met her.—Mrs. M. Villeneuve, 1621 South Lincoln, Amarillo, Texas 79102

Eally or Elam-Elrod

I would appreciate very much any information from anyone who may have known or been related to the lady named Eally or Elam who married an Elrod in the early 1800s in the northern part of Georgia. I have some important leads into a very interesting story and would appreciate corresponding with anyone who is interested in the name Elrod. As far as I can determine the name is of Creek Indian origin and this particular group left Georgia in the very early 1800s and moved to Alabama.—Barbara Elrod Traylor, Star Route, Braxton, Mississippi 39044

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JOEL McCREA

THE REAL ARTICLE!

Joel McCrea at work on his southern California ranch.

A cowman—off the screen and on

By TOM G. MURRAY
Photos Courtesy Author

I HAVE known Joel McCrea for forty years. Joel is one of those rare personalities about whom you never hear anything derogatory. His countless films include "Business & Pleasure" starring Will Rogers, "Buffalo Bill," and "Wells Fargo," which is one of the few films he made with his beautiful wife, Frances Dee. In 1969 he was inducted into the Hall of Fame of Western Actors in Oklahoma City's Western Heritage Center. Yet, despite his many honors, I know for sure he is proudest of the title of just plain "Cowhand."

In 1933 it was mostly through the urging of his close friend, Will Rogers, that Joel paid down $4,600 on a ranch in the Santa Rosa Valley, less than fifty miles from Hollywood. "You need to get out of this town regularly to get perspective on it," Rogers said, "and there's no better spot than on the back of a horse herdin' a bunch of cows." Joel had agreed in principle, but it was the cash

principal he lacked. Rogers didn't go for that.

"Naw," he taunted. "I think you're going to be the kind of a guy who gets a yellow convertible and rides up and down Hollywood Boulevard whistling at girls." So Joel bought the ranch partly to prove that he wasn't the Hollywood type Rogers spoke of.

When Joel was thirteen he graduated from the Hollywood School for Girls! There were only two boys attending this school besides McCrea. One was named Stowe and the other was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joel had been enrolled there because of a flu epidemic at the Gardner Street School, and he did so well in his grades there that his parents decided to make the arrangement permanent. He had no objections—he even appeared in the school play in the part of a bear. Harlean Carpenter (Jean Harlow) played the part of a squaw.

During this period one of his best friends was twelve-year-old Michael Cudahy, son of meat packer J. P. Cudahy. Joel was the Cudahys' paper boy, and among his other customers were Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Bill Hart. Many years later Joel was Bing Crosby's guest on

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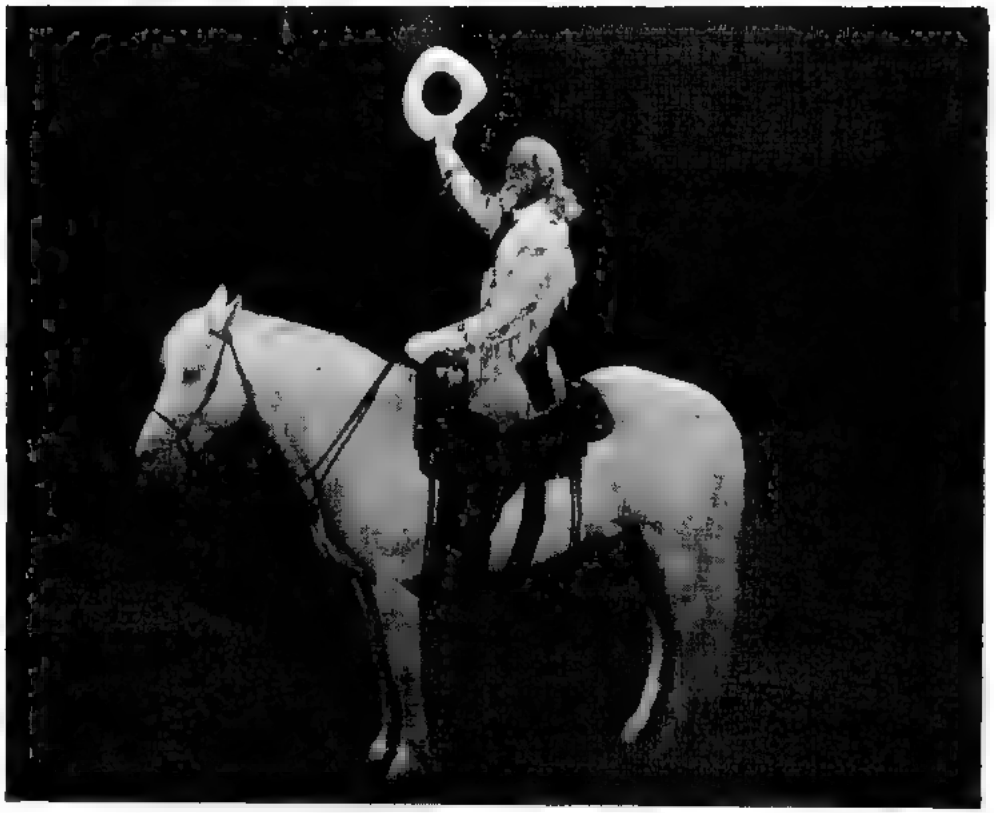
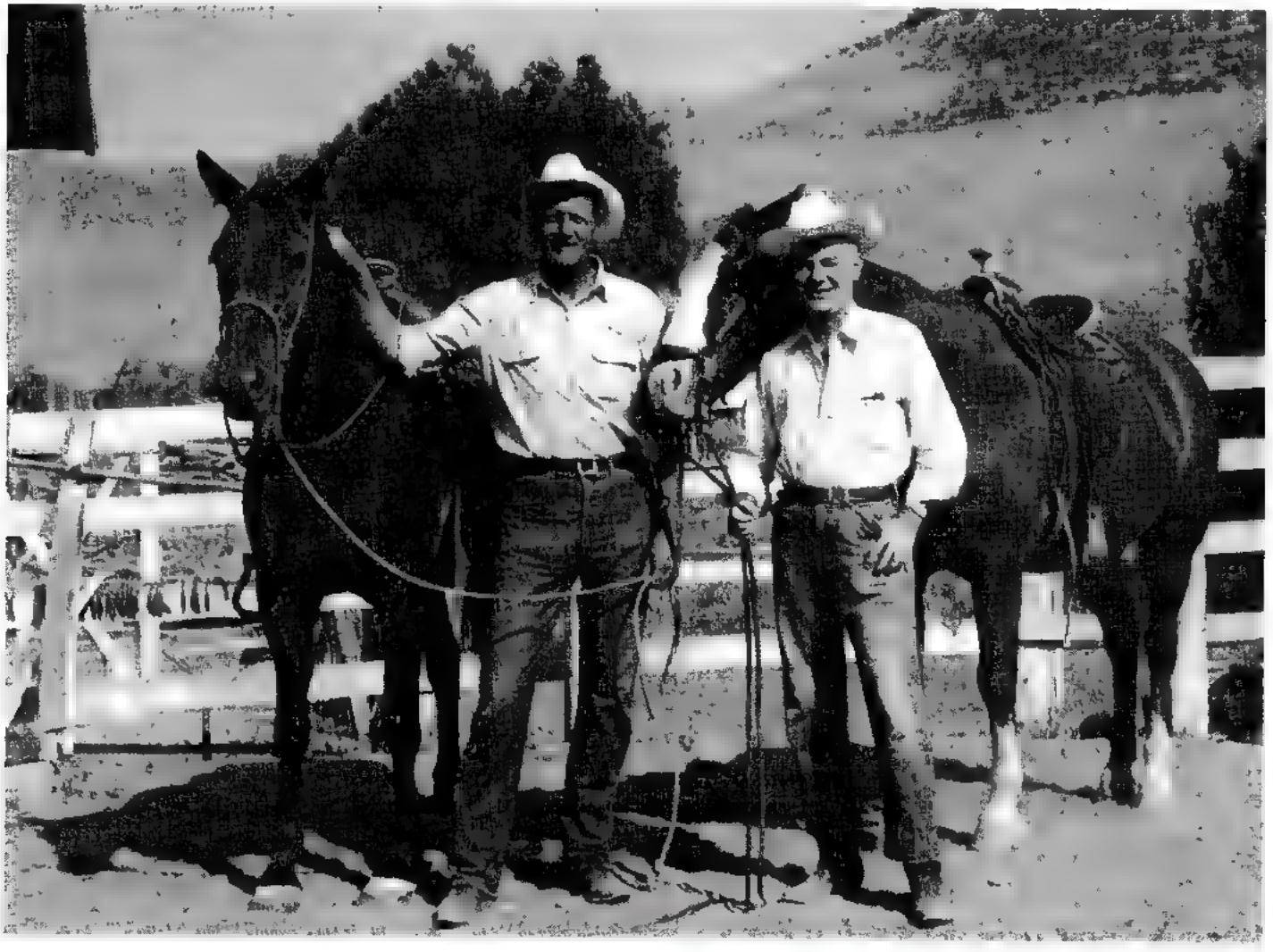


Photo Courtesy Frank Rodriquez, Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp.

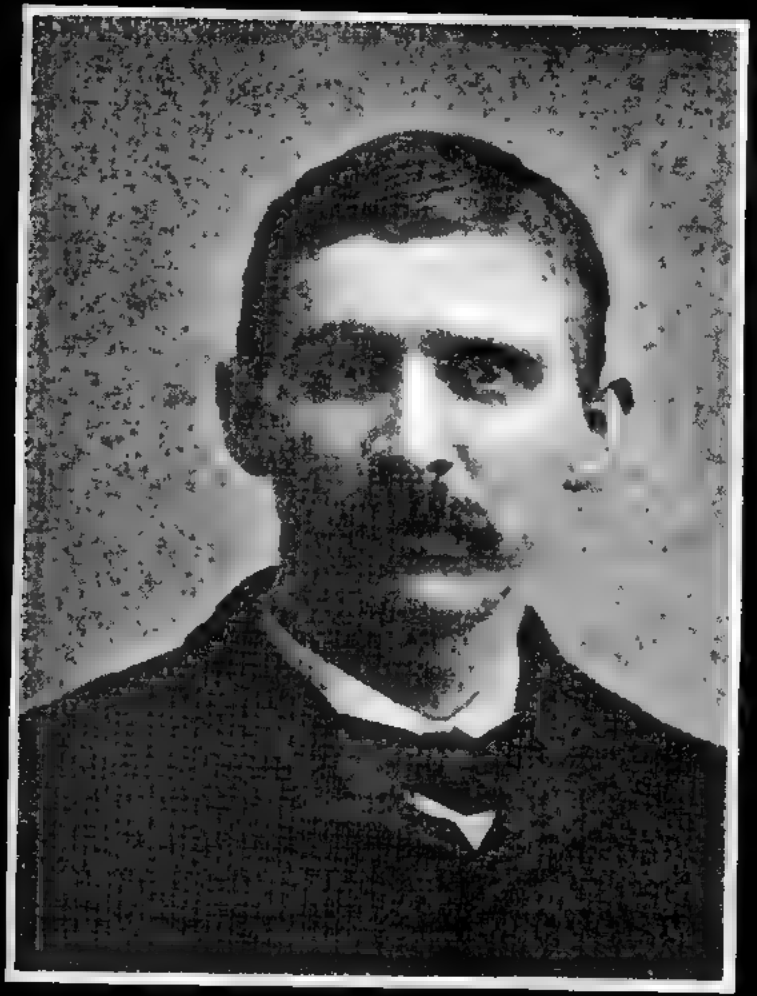
Above, Joel McCrea in his famous role of Buffalo Bill (1943). This is the scene where the great scout says farewell to the world. Below, Joel and author, Tom Murray, with McCrea's favorite movie horse, "Dollar," so named because of a white spot the size of a silver dollar on its rump.



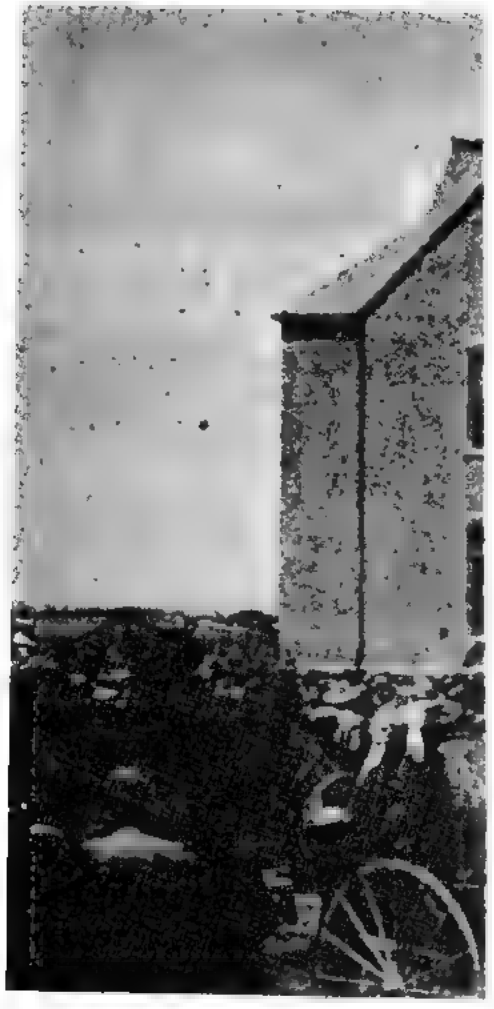
TWICE PUNISHED

WAS IT DESERVED?

By F. C. MARQUISS
as told to
LEE M. WELLS
Photos Courtesy Author



There was very little suspense about the jury's verdict. Over the drone of testimony came the sound of the hammers nailing a gallows together!



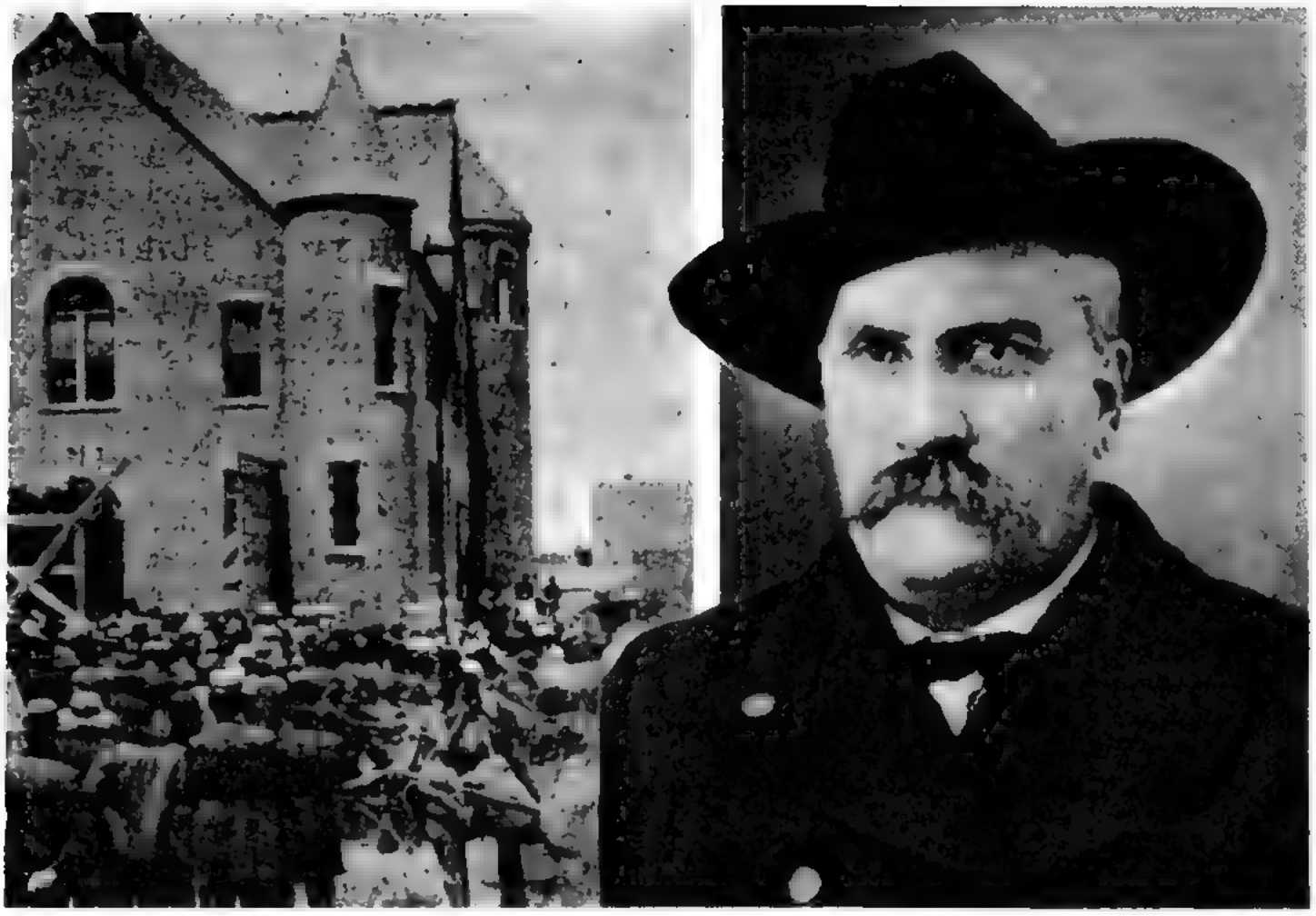
At left, Albert E. Haunstine was well liked, an active community leader, and respected school teacher until a fateful day in 1888 when he turned killer.

"I SAW the law in Custer County, Nebraska hang a man twice on the same day, on the same scaffold, for the same crime. I was just a boy."

Father's words startled me from my day-dreaming. We sat in the deep shade of his porch, watching the wind making patterns over the ripe grain of the wheat fields.

"You mean to tell me people let their kids watch a hanging?" I replied in disbelief.

Father gave a deep chuckle. "It didn't boil down to whether they 'let' them or not. Times were different—it was another age. Custer County was almost 2,600 square miles and about smack in the center of the state. There had been some petty thefts in and around our area. Everyone was worried about it. This was a time when people—though separated maybe by miles—knew just about everything there was to know about each other. A man's habits, nature, temper, his fights with his wife maybe, and even his way with horses, was known to all. Sometimes this common knowledge was a big help, but sometimes—as you might guess—it wasn't. Anyway, knowing one of our own neighbors



Above, this was the scene at the double hanging of Albert Haunstine in Broken Bow, Nebraska on May 17, 1901. At right, Sheriff Charley Penn, the man who brought in Haunstine. He was credited with tracking down and capturing 82 men charged with first degree murder by 1908. Below, the reward notice posted for the capture of Haunstine.

was a common thief was mighty disturbing. It had to be someone we all knew and trusted.

"My folks, three brothers and a sister and me, lived on a homestead about five miles south of the small town of Broken Bow. This little town was the new county seat. Our house was sod—like everyone else's thereabouts—and so was our little one-room school.

"On the 6th of November 1888, Hiram Roten and William Ashley—cousins, I think they were—drove out to the little schoolhouse in Roten Valley. They were both members of the school board and were supposed to keep an eye to its upkeep. When they entered the school they discovered that a small clock and a little lumber had been stolen.

"That clock must have cost the whole sum of 86¢—but it and that bit of pilfered lumber cost three men their lives!

"OUTSIDE the school the boys found the fresh tracks of a team and spring wagon, and figuring this had been used to haul the stolen lumber, decided to follow. They got word to their families what they were up to and took off. Now mind you, they had no idea

$900 REWARD!
$400 will be paid by the State of Nebraska for the arrest and conviction, and Custer County will pay $500 for the arrest, DEAD OR ALIVE, of
ALBERT E. HAUNSTINE,
who murdered Hiram Roten and William Ashley on Nov. 6, 1888, and then escaped. It is supposed, in company with his wife. He is 25 years old, about 5 feet 9 inches high, light moustache, very thin light hair and light complexion, left eye a little crossed and looks toward the right; eyes light blue or gray; weighs about 140 pounds.
The woman is quite small, very round faced, dark complexion, and will weigh about 90 pounds, age, 17 years. They drove a cream colored mare, weight about 800 pounds, and a dark brown horse, to spring wagon or buggy. Had some bed quilts in the back part of the buggy, and a 32 Winchester rifle.
I will pay $25 reward for any information that will put me on his track anywhere in the United States. Send all communications to
CHARLES PENN, Sheriff
Of Custer County, Broken Bow, Neb.

The Marquiss family on their homestead in 1891. The trail visible is the main road between South Loup and Broken Bow, Nebraska.

where those tracks would lead, and they sure didn't know it would be their last trail!

"That night they didn't come home. Their families fretted a bit, but weren't too concerned. A trip of any kind took time. But when they didn't return the next night, their families were plenty worried.

"I don't pretend that I remember all these details from the top of my head. My own clearest memory comes a couple years later when I saw that hanging. But events leading up to the hanging was the main subject of local talk for almost two and a half years and I had a bunch of older brothers who hashed and rehashed every detail. Later, growing up in that country, I came to know personally many of the men concerned with the hanging.

"On the morning of the 8th a group of neighbors gathered at the school with plans to look for the missing men. Although there was no real reason to fear foul play, three days was too long for them to be gone unless something was amiss."

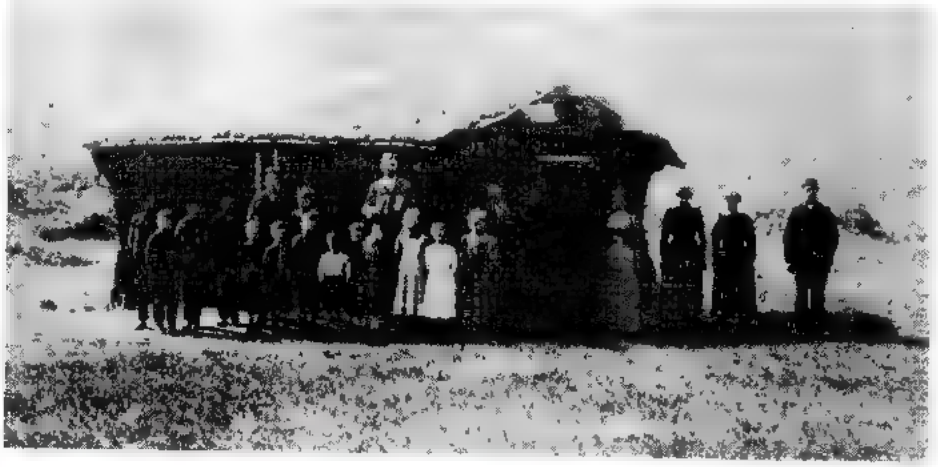
"Where were the kids?" I asked. "Wasn't school in session?"

"No, not at the time. School usually began early in fall and ended soon after —we were lucky to get two or three months. Some men would get together and form a school district. Land was taxed at the county office. Through the regular levy, funds might be raised to pay a teacher maybe $25.00 a month for one to three months. If the teacher was lucky he might get cash! More often he had to settle for an 'Order.' This was simply a piece of paper with nice printing on it signed by the school board members. Sometimes by special arrangement an Order might be bought by a bank at a discount. The teacher would have to peddle it to get his money; he was sure to have debts that had to be settled. This way, a teacher seldom, if ever, saw any money. No. It wasn't easy to have a school, let alone to get a teacher.

"THE searchers met at the empty school and split up looking for the two missing men. Three rode off southwest toward Callaway; a couple took off for Mud Creek to the east. Some of the men headed out for the local teacher's place, a fellow by the name of Haunstine—Al Haunstine. He was a homesteader-farmer as well as the teacher, and was a good friend of Roten. Very active, too, in all the civic get-togethers and was particularly interested in politics. He had been campaigning hard that very fall.

"Haunstine lived some miles off the road in a rather deserted area. When

At left, Albert Haunstine and his 17-year-old wife tried to escape justice but were tracked down by Sheriff Penn. Below, the sod school in Broken Bow just a year or so before Haunstine's execution. Haunstine was residing in the Broken Bow jail at the time of the photo. A special program at the school accounts for the presence of grown-ups.



the riders arrived at his place they could see right off that something was wrong, for the livestock was loose. They 'hallo-ed' around—no answer. Uneasy, they knocked at the door and it swung in. The place was deserted and it looked like the Haunstines had left in a hurry. Their clothes, his Winchester and some household goods were gone.

"When the men checked the barn they found that the Haunstines' team was gone too. Alarmed now, they fanned out. In a deserted sod house located on an abandoned homestead adjoining Haunstine's place, they found the saddle horses belonging to Roten and Ashley. This was the first real clue to the missing men. It was nearing dark, so the searchers mounted their horses and spurred them on a wild ride back to the schoolhouse and then to Broken Bow where they reported to Sheriff Penn.

"Old Charley Penn was a famous lawman even then. He was known all over that country for 'getting his man.' He was a big black-eyed, broad-shouldered man with a thick handlebar mustache. People knew they could count on him. He was tough and capable.

"It was too dark and too late to begin his investigation that night, but early the next morning he rode out with a couple of men to Haunstine's place. He checked the house first, then walked out to the barn. Some fifty yards away stood a loose stack of hay. Noticing the hogs bunched oddly near the stack and eating something, he strode over and drove the animals off.

"Sprawled on the ground at his feet were the bodies of Roten and Ashley—or what was left of them! Penn began carefully to search the bodies. Their watches were gone and their pockets emptied. Missing, too, were a rifle and a revolver that Penn knew they had carried with them. When he rolled the bodies over he growled, 'Bushwhacked! They've been shot in the back!'

"Soon he had some men loading the bodies to be sent into town while he carried on *his* search—mainly, a clue to the missing Haunstine. Didn't take that old tracker long to find that Haunstine had one horse with a broken shoe hitched to his spring wagon. Penn followed that print clear to the little town of Arnold. Fact was, that broken horseshoe was the first link in a chain that led the old bulldog some 300 miles to his suspect.

"Back in town, things were popping too! Posses were formed and rode out. A reward notice for $900 was printed and passed around. I've still got one of them.

"That was an awful big amount for that particular time. Our country was in a turmoil—financially, physically and politically. We had had a "burn out" and the crops just did not grow. To make matters worse, all over America, from ocean to ocean, we were saddled with the awful Cleveland-Harrison panic. Hogs, delivered at market—if you could sell them—were priced at 2½¢ a pound. Corn brought 10¢ a bushel delivered. Most people used it as fuel, for it was cheaper than coal. There was nothing to

(Continued on page 60)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THEY PAY TO PLAY

Rodeo! The Suicide Circuit (Rand McNally, $12.95) by news-photographer and author, Fred Schnell, is a glamorously illustrated guidebook about the daredevil cowboy sport. Schnell's album of the successive rodeo events is a work of art enhanced with sharp brilliant descriptions that support the illustrations. "Rodeo is an athlete's crap game," says Schnell. And he adds, "A man pays his money and takes his chances, knowing that there can only be a few winners and a lot of losers." A few contestants get killed each year, many are severely hurt and most are bruised. All volunteer, pay their own entrance fees, and receive no pay except prize money given for winning contests. The photographs and text give vivid realism to all major events including saddle bronc riding, bareback riding, bull riding, steer wrestling, clowns, calf roping, team roping, steer roping, barrel racing and chuckwagon racing. The latter is an exaggerated form of chariot racing far more dangerous than the form originated by Romans.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

Another Texas history that will appeal to both juvenile and senior readers is *Many Texans—A Gathering of Cultures* (Hendrick-Long Publishing Company and the Encino Press, $5.95) by R. Henderson Shuffler. The forty-six chapters cover a wide area of history beginning with the Tiguas, ancient Indians, and carrying on down through the pioneer period. A few interesting selections from the book are about Cabeza de Vaca and Estevan, La Salle, early Texas missions, Baron de Bastrop, Daniel Boone, the Texas Republic, Stephen F. Austin, Jim Bowie, the Mexicans, the Alamo, Sam Houston, Solms-Braunfels, Apaches, Cynthia Ann Parker, Robert Emmett Bledsoe Baylor, rangers, cowboys, barbed wire and immigrants. Highlight summaries at the left of paragraphs on each page plus some meaningful illustrations add much to the readability of these thumbnail sketches about the Texas past. Very good.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Local pioneer history has been enriched with the publishing of the new book *Blaze Marks on the Border—the Story of Arkansas City, Kansas* (Chamber of Commerce, Arkansas City, Kansas 67005, $4.50) by Mrs. Bennett Rinehart and others. The early settlers built their farms and towns largely with their hands, using the natural resources as raw materials. There are brief histories of three founding fathers: Lyman Beecher Kellogg, Henry Brace Norton and Albert Augustus Newman. Much is presented on the history of Arkansas City, and also described is how churches, schools, local institutions and industries were started. Wagontrains, riverboats and finally the railroads connected the pioneers with eastern centers. Badmen, horse thieves and Indians terrorized the settlers who formed vigilance committees to defend people, farms and towns. Stockmen and settlers tangled when cattle grazed unfenced crops. The farmers, who were in great numbers, passed a herd-law which pushed the range cattle into the sandhills and arid western areas. Arkansas City lay near the Cherokee Strip, and included are numerous stories about the famous Run when the area was opened for settlement.

WHITE SPIRES

White wooden churches have drawn attention since early America, and are often centers or major focal points in rural scenes depicted in paintings or in photographs. New England has been recognized for the white churches of the region. *White Churches of the Plains; Examples from Colorado* (Colorado Associated University Press, $9.75) is the story of the background and architecture of white churches in Colorado. Fifty-seven full-page black and white photographs illustrate the edifices which stand out so strikingly on the Great Plains landscape. Many nationalities and architectural types are represented, but only simple, clean white buildings with modest spires stood out brightly against the vast backdrop of the open country. Even a one-room white church was a landmark in the drab environment.

LOST MINES

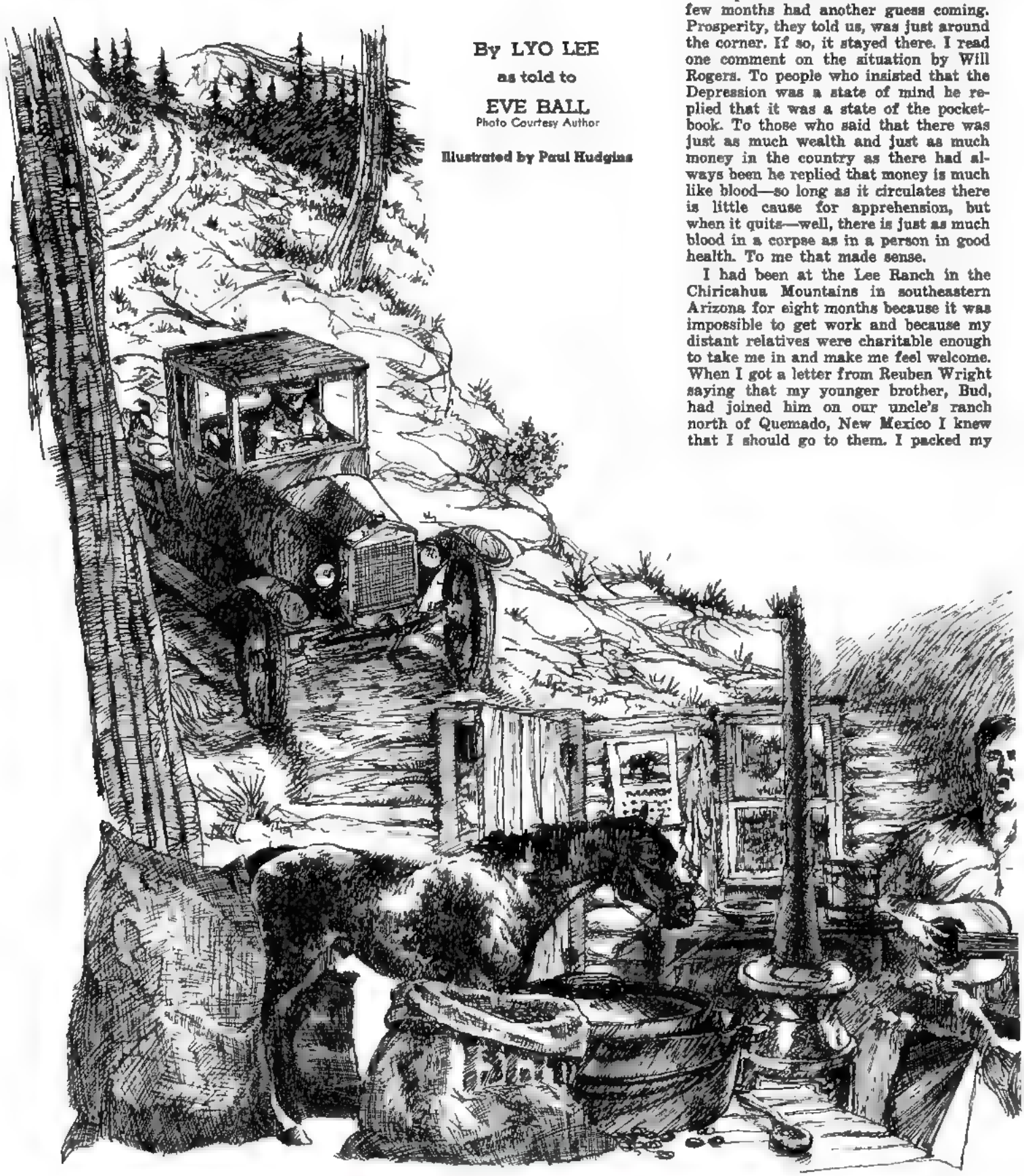
Maps with signs and symbols of trails to ancient gold mines in the Superstition Mountains are to be found in *Arizona's Monument to Lost Gold Mines* ($4.00 by J. S. Burbridge, P.O. Box 5363, Reno, Nevada). Signs and symbols have been superimposed on the vague and ancient desert map made by S. K. Gonzales. The author has helped to clarify the old maps by adding numerous modern and old photographs with markings of key trails and locations. This book will be of most use to sophisticated map readers bent on exploring the Superstitions.

L RG
ELECTRONIC ON PROHIBITED

STARVIN' out

By LYO LEE
as told to
EVE BALL
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins



THOSE WHO thought that the Great Depression would be a matter of a few months had another guess coming. Prosperity, they told us, was just around the corner. If so, it stayed there. I read one comment on the situation by Will Rogers. To people who insisted that the Depression was a state of mind he replied that it was a state of the pocketbook. To those who said that there was just as much wealth and just as much money in the country as there had always been he replied that money is much like blood—so long as it circulates there is little cause for apprehension, but when it quits—well, there is just as much blood in a corpse as in a person in good health. To me that made sense.

I had been at the Lee Ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains in southeastern Arizona for eight months because it was impossible to get work and because my distant relatives were charitable enough to take me in and make me feel welcome. When I got a letter from Reuben Wright saying that my younger brother, Bud, had joined him on our uncle's ranch north of Quemado, New Mexico I knew that I should go to them. I packed my

in QUEMADO

bedroll in my battered old Ford pickup and set out for the ranch.

When Frank Lee had sold the ranch and bought a place in Arizona near Bill Lee's, he very wisely specified in the contract that I might return to the house any time I wished. I was to have the use of it and of the adjoining premises, with the right of entry. When I pulled in, I found Reuben and Bud installed. Bud was busted, and so was Reuben. Neither knew much, for they had always been taken care of by their parents. Aside from their bedrolls neither had anything.

WE SET UP housekeeping with what I brought—$60. I borrowed a saddle from Hank Whitely and took thirty of my meager sum and bought Calico. We took the other $30 and bought some corn for the horse (for in that country a mount must have grain) and some real essentials for ourselves—200 pounds of beans at $3 a hundred, three 50-pound sacks of Diamond M flour, some coffee, and some salt. That took all our money. We foraged for meat and always had plenty of venison.

Each of us had a pocket knife, but there were no forks. We whittled some out of cedar boughs and sharpened the prongs. The man who had bought Frank Lee's ranch insisted upon lending me an old Dutch oven and two old biscuit pans. I accepted them gratefully. Neither of the others could cook. Reuben was very persnickety about his food, but it didn't take him long to get over that—hunger is a great disciplinarian. Bud was sharp and ambitious, but the latter trait got him into a great deal of trouble. It didn't take him long to learn to cook, and he liked doing it, so he took over. We left the housekeeping to him while Reuben and I foraged.

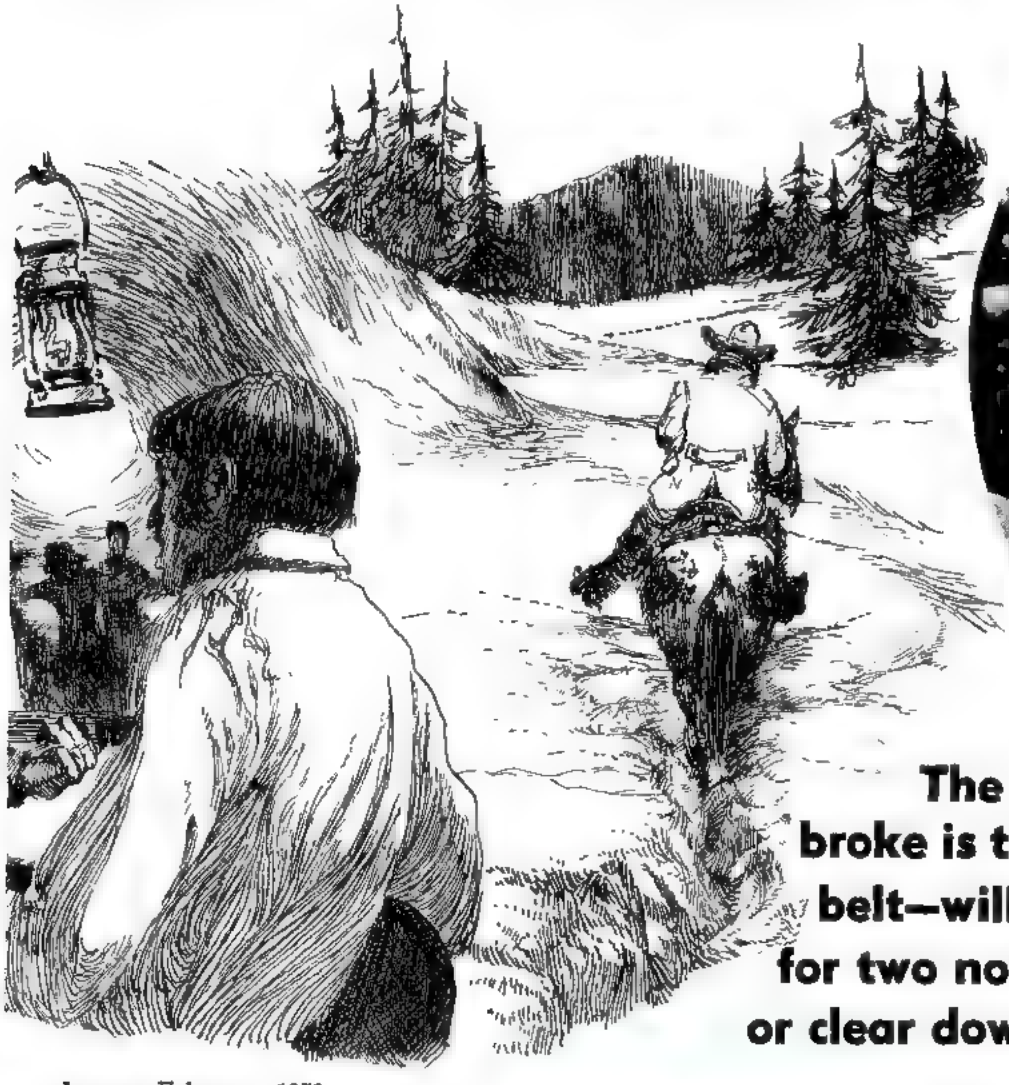
We made our bed out of pine poles and nailed it up against the wall. It was wide enough for three. We made a mattress of gunny sacks stuffed with hay. The hay stuck us, so we spread the tarp over the mattress. The cold penetrated more from beneath than above, so we put two blankets under us and one over us. To keep from freezing we had to keep a fire going all night, but we had an abundance of wood.

Frank Lee had made a horseman of me, and I tried to do the same for Reuben and Bud. As I had done, they insisted that they knew everything about horses already, but they had a lot to learn. To their credit I'll say that they did learn.

I was very proud of Calico. He was a pinto, not a paint; he was not spotted, but a calico. The background was sorrel; he looked as though somebody had dropped a bucket of buttermilk on him and splattered it so that it ran in streaks. I had seen him before going to Bisbee and liked him. During those long months Calico made a living for us, for he was both our means of transportation and our livelihood. We got all our meat from his back—I mean by shooting from his back.

Later I traded him to Slim Roberson for a horse named Brownwood, a big brown and much larger than the average mount. He was 16¼ hands high and weighed 1200, a magnificent specimen. He was built like a pony, except that there was much more of him. I never went anywhere that people did not stand and look at him. And he had intelligence beyond belief. I have run him after wild horses till he was run down and he

(Continued on page 67)



Lyo Lee

The trouble about being broke is trying to gauge your belt—will the hard times last for two notches, three notches or clear down to the backbone?

E TO UNZ
E BE TION PROHIBITED

The creator of "Wynken, Blynken and

He Sailed Through Denver

By LYDIA SINGLETON MILLER

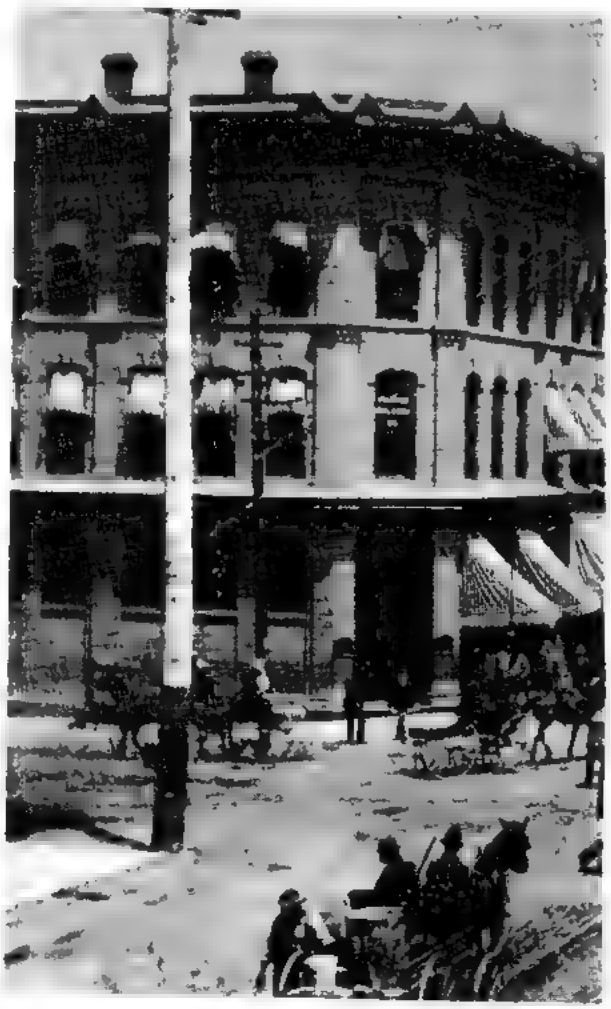
All Photos Courtesy
Denver Public Library
Western Collection

STORIES of the early West, both true and fictional, are usually peopled with cowboys and Indians, miners and gamblers, gunfighters and soldiers, with a generous sprinkling of lawmen. But accounts of early-day newspapermen and the influence their papers wielded on the frontier furnish some tall tales of their own. Eugene Field, managing editor of Denver's *Colorado Tribune* from 1881 to 1883, is a flamboyant example of such a newsman. But Editor Field was also the famed poet and friend of children.

Two memorials in Denver's beautiful Washington Park are permanent reminders of the "two" Fields. A statue of three children in an Old Wooden Shoe-boat, seemingly floating in a sea of dew from myriads of tiny fountains, depicts his loved poem, "Wynkin, Blynkin and Nod." A short distance beyond, a white cottage houses the Field Memorial Library. The cottage was the home of "Editor" Field. It stood on East Colfax opposite the United States Mint for almost a half century, until Mrs. J. J. Brown (the Unsinkable Molly) purchased it and presented it to the city of Denver. Subsequently it was moved to its present site.

That cottage was Field's home while he mapped out and directed the work of the *Tribune's* staff. There, with sleeves rolled and trousers legs turned far up, Field began writing a column called "Odds and Ends" which served later as a pattern for his "Sharps and Flats"—a column which ran for twelve years in the Chicago *Morning News*. There, too, he began the occasional publication of skits, which he later gathered together and published in his first book, *The Tribune Primer* (1882). Though an unpretentious book of only forty-eight pages it was widely quoted and became one of the most prized by collectors of American first editions. Field's fame as an author lives on in his books. Today he is listed as a gentle poet of the Midwest, author of *A Little Book of Western Verse* and others.

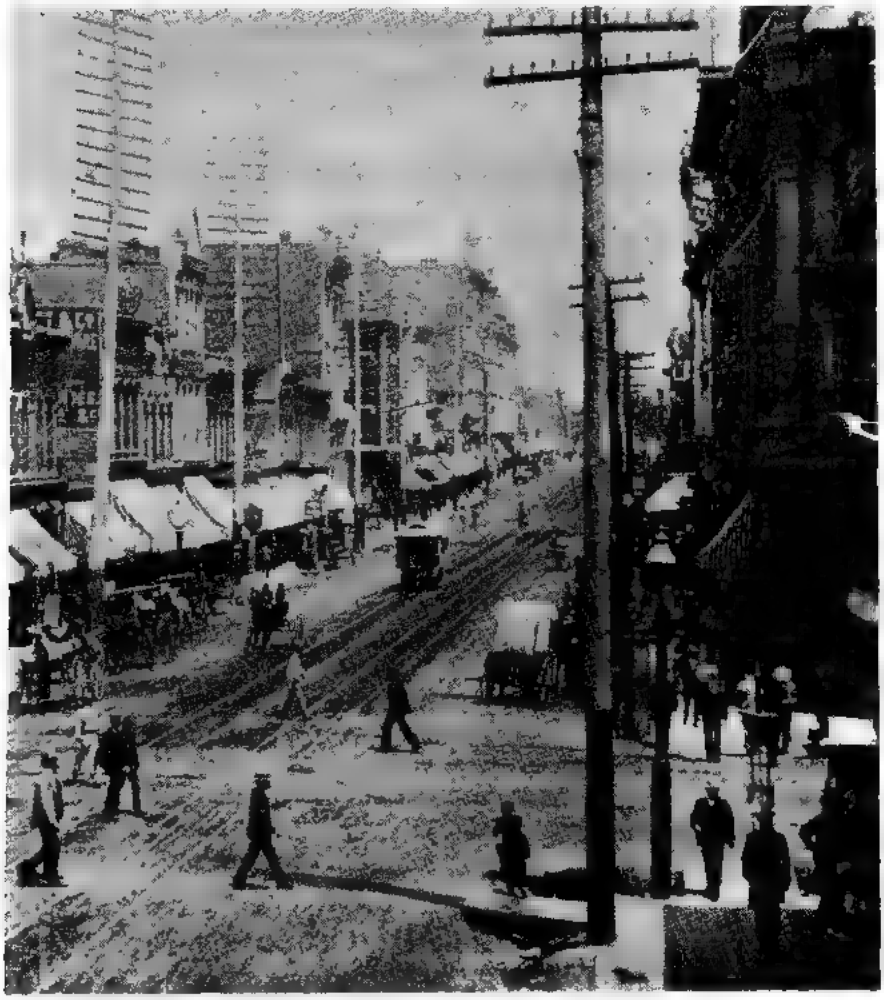
Eugene Field, editor, humorist and humanitarian. Below, downtown Denver, Colorado in the 1880s, showing the intersection of Larimer and 16th Streets.



The dominant note in his daily life was fun and sociability. A man of great contrasts, he loathed speechmakers and lampooned political oracles. He was an unsparing satirist, yet he wrote: "This is a beautiful world and life herein is very sweet . . . how dear is the companionship of humanity." And "I want to get all the happiness out of this world, day by day, not in hunks."

He felt money was for spending, liquor for drinking, and life for enjoying. He helped daughter Trotty with her Sunday School memory verse and she recited, "The Lord will provide, my father can't." Yet when ill health convinced him he'd better put his house in order he rapidly prepared his writings and arranged it so that his book royalties would amply provide for his family. He bought a place in Chicago's Buena Park. In July 1895 he said he was at last in his own house—"provided with all modern conveniences, including a veranda and a genial mortgage." It was decorated as he liked. "A fine china cup sat cheek to jowl with a New England frying pan."

At right, the Field Museum Library.



FIELD became a teetotaler on Denver doctors' orders though he felt they mistakenly considered liquor the cause of his stomach trouble, instead of pie and pickles.

Of his carefree way of living Field wrote in his *Auto Analysis* that he was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1850, son of Roswell Martin and Frances Reed

Below, Denver's enchanting fountain that immortalizes Eugene Field's famous Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Nod" had a many-faceted personality. In the 1880s

in a Pea Green Boat!

Field, both Windham County, Vermont natives. He attended a Monson, Massachusetts private school, and colleges intermittently until after his junior year at Missouri University. Then he toured Europe where he spent his paternal inheritance of $25,000 in six months. His intermittent schooling was due, in part, to his preference for fun rather than figures, and to uncertain health due to a rebellious stomach. (The demon dyspepsia dogged him all his life and ended that life in November 1895.) He returned to St. Louis from Europe determined to go on the stage but a famous actor advised him, "Boy, return to your friends and bid them apprentice you to a wood sawer." Thereafter, for twenty-three years, Field referred to his writing as sawing wood.

Eventually he buckled down to sawing wood as a reporter on the St. Louis *Journal* (1873). When the *Journal* sent him to Jefferson City to report on the Missouri state legislature proceedings, he dodged the senate sessions to hold all-night meetings of story and song with the choicest characters, "the kind found on the floors and in lobbies of every western legislature." ("Why do I write 'western' when the lobby species is ever present at all such meetings from Maine to Colorado?")

Thus his paper received a running fire of stimulating comments on the doings of legislature members. As an observer he happily lampooned everything he saw. What he wrote had nothing to do with what he was assigned to report, but it did have 'a something' that attracted readers, and his style of sawing wood rapidly advanced him to the Kansas City *Times*, then the Denver *Tribune*. Under his management the Kansas City *Times*, 1880-1881, became the most widely quoted newspaper west of the Mississippi River.

By that time Field's reputation as a funster extraordinary had made him a popular partner in all sorts of high jinks. But it wasn't all just fun—fooling around with the statesmen; he was studying the men not the proposed legislation, and later in St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver his sketches, notes, and *Tribune Primer* skits commanded more attention, caused more discussions, and influenced more politicians than did the serious statistical reports written by others.

Mr. Danna, his life-long friend, was continually offering him a place on the New York *Sun* but when an offer came from the *Tribune* he said he preferred to go west where there were fewer literary fellows and one could grow up with the country.

Field never tired telling of the "mad wild ways of his youthful days" in Denver, and of relating tales of the hilarious pranks that made the office of the *Tribune* a stormy center for every fun loving character in the Rocky Mountain area.

Denver in the 1880s was not unlike San Francisco during the gold rush of the '50s. The young capital was alive with strife, speculation over mining and railroad grants, and feeling its new political power. The thirty-one-year-old Field came to Denver when life was boisterous, rough and fast, and he threw himself into that life with his usual abandon. For two years he lived at a pace that would have killed most men.

Interior of the Eugene Field Library, showing the main reading room.

He welcomed all friendships, personally, and his associates consisted of the proverbial "rich man, poor man and beggar man," as well as doctors, lawyers, merchants, and commercial and professional artists with an axe to grind at the Capitol. But the would-be sharpies soon learned that though Field welcomed them personally, and never tired of their horseplay, his hatred of pretense and double dealing kept them from enlisting the powerful *Tribune* in anything that was not one-hundred per cent legitimate. This created some opposition, a few enemies, and thereby plenty of stories.

ONE of Field's favorite pranks involved Wolf Londoner, a prominent merchant and one-time mayor of Denver, who was a close friend and Field's boon companion in frolic. During one presidential campaign Londoner was a Republican central committeeman, and he boasted in Editor Field's presence how he personally had secured all the colored vote of Denver for his party's nominee, thus preventing a "Democratic landslide."

Field made no comment but knew quite well that a decade before this campaign, Barney Ford, a very prominent Negro merchant and friend of Londoner, had helped secure the vote for all males twenty-one years old. Barney Ford, often called the "President Maker" because of his political influence, was the one responsible for the colored vote, and Field knew there had been no possibility of the so-called Democratic landslide. Too late, Londoner—seeing a twinkle in Field's eye—knew he had boasted to the wrong fellow and that he'd pay dearly for it.

A few days later he wasn't surprised to see in the morning *Tribune* an advertisement prominently displayed thus: **Wanted, every colored man in Denver to call at Wolf Londoner's market for a free watermelon.**

Of course when the store opened, crowds poured in and even the sidewalk was blocked with melon seekers. Try as he would, Londoner was unable to explain why he couldn't live up to his promise. Tempers rose, and rightly so. It was a cruel joke. No melons were in the market and, as they were out of season, none was expected. Londoner was at his wit's end, imagining his business ruined and his political influence reduced to nil, when a messenger handed him a bill of lading. A car of watermelons had been shunted onto a freight siding, and a dray of the promised manna was pulling up beside the Londoner Market.

Just as a good actor, missing a cue, resorts to ad lib, Londoner quickly made a big show of temper and delivered a tirade against the railroad company for not having made the delivery the evening before, "as promised."

No mention was ever made of the melon incident, and there was not a single crack in the solid Republican vote on election day (as usual). Mr. Londoner kept his central committee chairmanship but lost forever his habit of boasting of his political prowess—espe-

(Continued on page 56)

We bring them right to your front door or the fence line—whichever is closer. Just tear out the insert, fill out what you want, write a check and mail 'er in. It won't take five minutes!

TRUE WEST AND FRONTIER TIMES make a mighty fine gift— REALLY DIFFERENT!

Detach insert and mail today!

MY FATHER, THE BRITON

By MARY WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

He lived by maxims, endured through tradition, and warmed himself by only one fire—a fierce pride

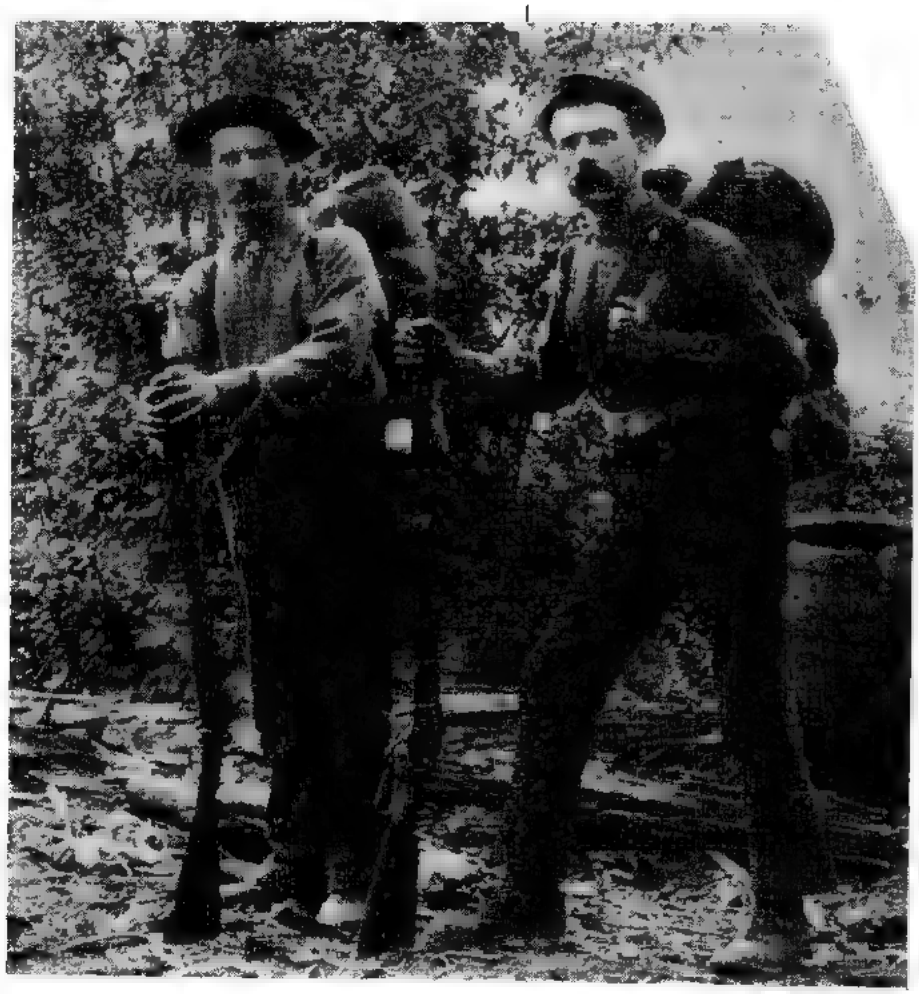
TO CALL *Dory* a "boat" would downgrade her two most outstanding traits: storm resistance—and that especially "she" quality—strength without hulk. Although never put to a seagoing test, she easily mastered the sudden squalls on her 100-mile inland lake. She put to shame all other boats except the proud, sturdy, squat tugboats and sleek gleaming white, spit-'n'-polish, CPR side or sternwheelers, each a miniature ocean liner with deckside walkways, staterooms, lounges and dining rooms serviced by impeccable stewards and waiters. To ride on one of them was to experience one of the social graces of that era.

Who but my mad-dog Britisher father would import a genuine Cape Cod fishing dory to a gold-rush town of 6,000 in southeastern British Columbia? Nelson is set like a jewel in the green mountainside above the water of Kootenay Lake, about fifty miles from the American border and one hundred miles by jolting, coal-fumed, Great Northern train to Spokane, Washington.

Dory embodied two of his head-of-the-house edicts, "If a thing is worth buying, it is worth buying a good quality," and "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." But his varied life in England before sailing around the Horn to Victoria in 1886 at age twenty-nine, is forever veiled by another maxim, "I never talk about the past. I live only in the present and future," a future he would live until he was eighty-seven.

Because of this mutual blackout of the past in relation to themselves, I never heard one solitary word about my parents' knowing each other before their marriage in Revelstoke, B. C. in 1894,

T. A. Mills (arrow) played the bass drum in the Trail, B.C. Citizen's Band.



Above, T. A. Mills in 1892 at Nelson, B.C., with an American friend whom the Siwash Indians called "Coyote." Both men were leaving on a prospecting venture at the time of this photo. Above, left, T. A. Mills. This is believed to be the photo he sent to his prospective bride in their "correspondence romance."

where he met her at the CPR station after her month-long journey across the Atlantic and Canada. It may have been a sort of mail-order marriage after a correspondence instigated by the Starmer-Smiths, a family from her hometown and his shipmates in the long sail around the Horn to Victoria. Within the strict Victorian code, absence of pre-marital acquaintance might equate with today's trial marriage—a sort of moral skeleton not fit for the innocent eyes of their daughter.

Many years later my mother made a remark about her decision to "come out and marry Mr. Mills," because "it might be better to be an old man's darling (he was thirty-seven) than a young man's slave." That decision was a costly one, for I never ever saw my father put his arm around her. In fact, neither displayed any affection toward each other or toward me. For fifty years they shared a heavy brass, double bedstead and a cat-dog relationship until she died at seventy-

(Continued on page 54)

At left, seated is Beatrice Jane Watson, age 22, two years before coming to Canada to marry T. A. Mills. At her side is her sister, Laura. Below, the Mills family enjoying a day on their boat, *Dory*, on Kootenay Lake, near Nelson. T. A. Mills is in center, his wife at right. A family friend sits on left. Daughter Mary, then 15, took the photo from the boathouse float.

ENCLOSURE NO. 2
EXHIBIT OFFERED IN EVIDENCE

Wild Old Days!

TULSA'S FIRST POLICE CHIEF

By C. H. McKennon

CHARLEY ROBERTSON was a crack shot with a Colt in Tulsey Town, Indian Territory. During the late 1880s most men packed a six-shooter, and natural dexterity plus plenty of concentrated practice were required for a man to stand out in the crowd. Six-gun artistry was a noteworthy accomplishment, and Charley Robertson's skill with a Colt led him to local fame. Most men on the frontier had neither the time nor desire to excel in the use of guns beyond ordinary shooting. Then, too, cartridges were expensive.

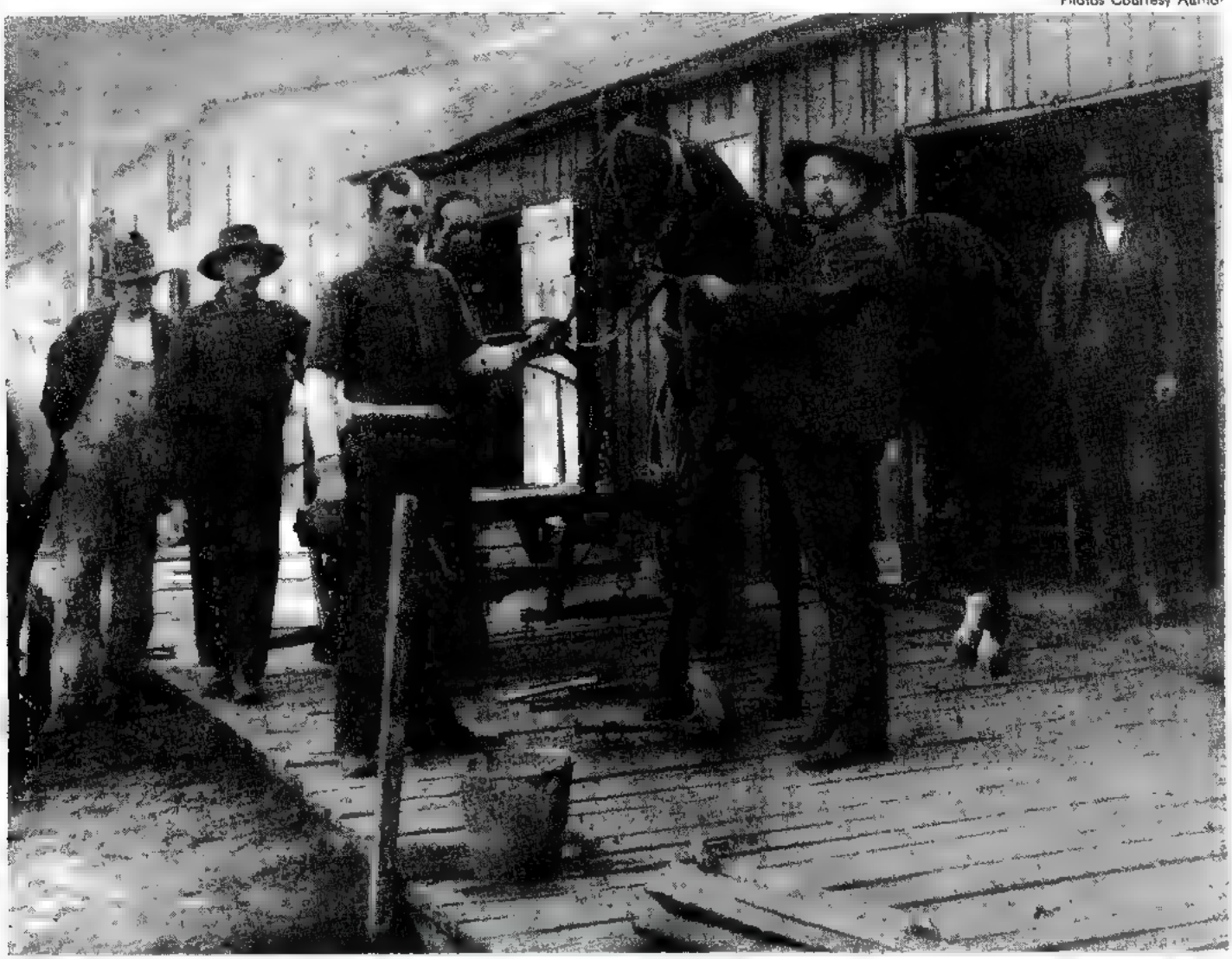
Charles Wesley Robertson grew to young manhood in a section of Kentucky that was inflamed with bitter, partisan feuding. Such an environment was conducive to firearms practice. When Charley accompanied his parents in a covered wagon to Tulsey Town in 1887, his skill with a revolver was already above the ordinary. Improved further by one of the popular pastimes of the era, target matches, Charley's prowess with a six-gun soon became a local legend.

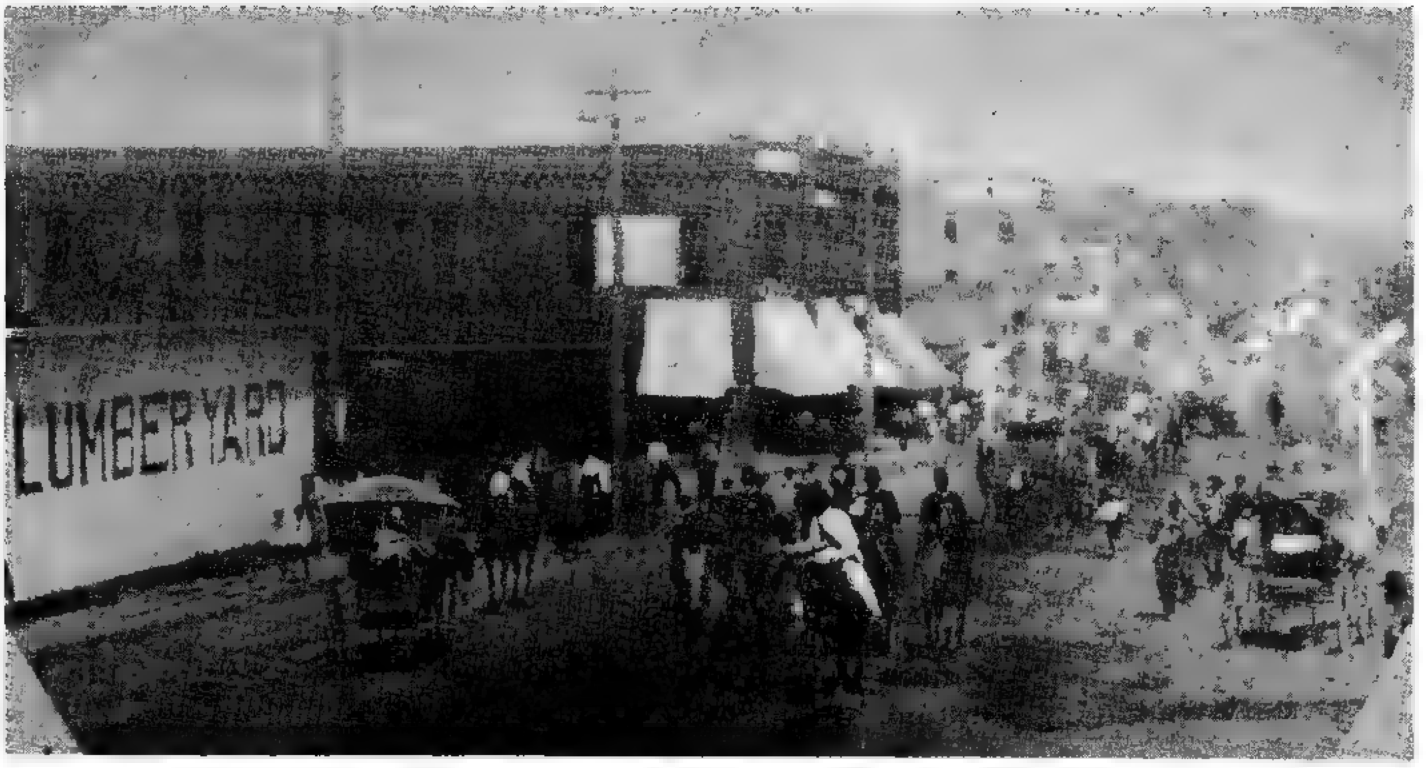
However, Charley began to make a name for himself in other fields of endeavor, for he was a builder not a gunman. The Robertson family developed a large ranch just north of Tulsey Town's city limits. The Frisco Railroad had laid track to the frontier hamlet in 1882, and as trade and population increased there was a growing tendency of folks to refer to the town by the name of "Tulsa." Charley Robertson decided that the town could use a blacksmith shop, and he began operations from the bed of the now venerable Robertson family wagon. It was the first blacksmith shop in Tulsa.

By 1895, Charley was an established married citizen with his blacksmith shop located in a more conventional manner at Archer and Main Streets, but his trade had already introduced him to the life of the times. The blacksmith shop was a place of prime importance when

A business day at Charley Robertson's blacksmith shop in Tulsa, I.T. Left to right: Jess Brewer, Billie Sheddrick, Charley Robertson, man behind Robertson is unidentified, Sanford Mater and Warfield Phillips.

Photos Courtesy Author





Tulsa's first Labor Day parade in 1905, led by Police Chief Charley Robertson. The chief is astride his yellow horse, "Joe." The white-coated rider to his left is Colonel Lindsey, husband of Lilah D. Lindsey, a well-known pioneer in Tulsa's earlier days. Here the parade has progressed from Archer Street and is shown crossing the tracks at Main and First Streets.

the horse provided the only means of transportation other than the railroad and steamboat.

Tulsa had an unwritten code with the famed Territorial outlaws of the era. The outlaws would case the town carefully before riding in. If there were deputy U. S. marshals present the owlhooters found business elsewhere. When they did appear in town, they quietly went about the process of stocking up on supplies and visiting the blacksmith shop. Due to their profession they necessarily had to have the best of horseflesh, carefully shod for quick runs. One day, while the Dalton Gang was pausing at Charley Robertson's smithy, one of the gang left a pair of Indian moccasins for Lillie Robertson. Charley's wife disapproved of outlaws, but she respected the truce of the town. Still, she always managed to visit the homes of friends when the outlaws showed up at the smithy, and this amused the gunmen.

CHARLEY was a brawny man, perfectly capable of plying his strenuous trade, and he had another talent not usually associated with smithy work. He enjoyed playing a violin. With his wife and Josiah Perryman, another Tulsa pioneer, Charley formed the first Tulsa orchestra. The little group was popular, playing for friends at various Tulsa homes.

When the blacksmith business began prospering Charley decided to expand. Despite the establishment of the railroad, wagons were still expensive and sorely needed. Vehicles shipped from distant factories cost more in Tulsa than back East. Charley set out to make wagons. Early in his blacksmith trade he had adopted a star as his symbol. He named his line of new wagons "Star Wagons," and he was Tulsa's first wagoner.

The deputy U. S. marshals, operating from the famed Federal Court of Judge Isaac C. Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas, finally routed the Territorial outlaws. With the turn of the century Tulsa began a new era. Oil was discovered and Tulsa became the "Oil Capital of the World." The huge boom brought an exploding population growth rate that soon called for organized local law enforcement.

While Tulsa's community problems with raunchy citizens were primarily caused by undisciplined oil field roustabouts, instead of professional train and bank robbers, the situation could not be ignored. There was a need for a man of nerve who could back up the authority of a lawman's badge. The town fathers began looking for a man of powerful physique, cool demeanor, proficiency with firearms, and unimpeachable character. Charley Robertson filled the bill on all counts. Symbolically, perhaps, a star was pinned to Charley's vest, and he became Tulsa's first chief of police in 1904.

With the establishment of any town, it follows that a "first" merchant, lawyer,

The first resident photographer in Tulsa, a man by the name of Hughes, took this formal portrait of Charles Wesley Robertson and wife, Lillie, around 1904.

baker, and so forth, will emerge. Charley Robertson claimed six "firsts" in Tulsa in the days before Oklahoma Statehood came in 1907. He used his six-shooter talent wisely to become one of the many unsung heroes of the Old West.

HARQUA HALA

By Dan Woods

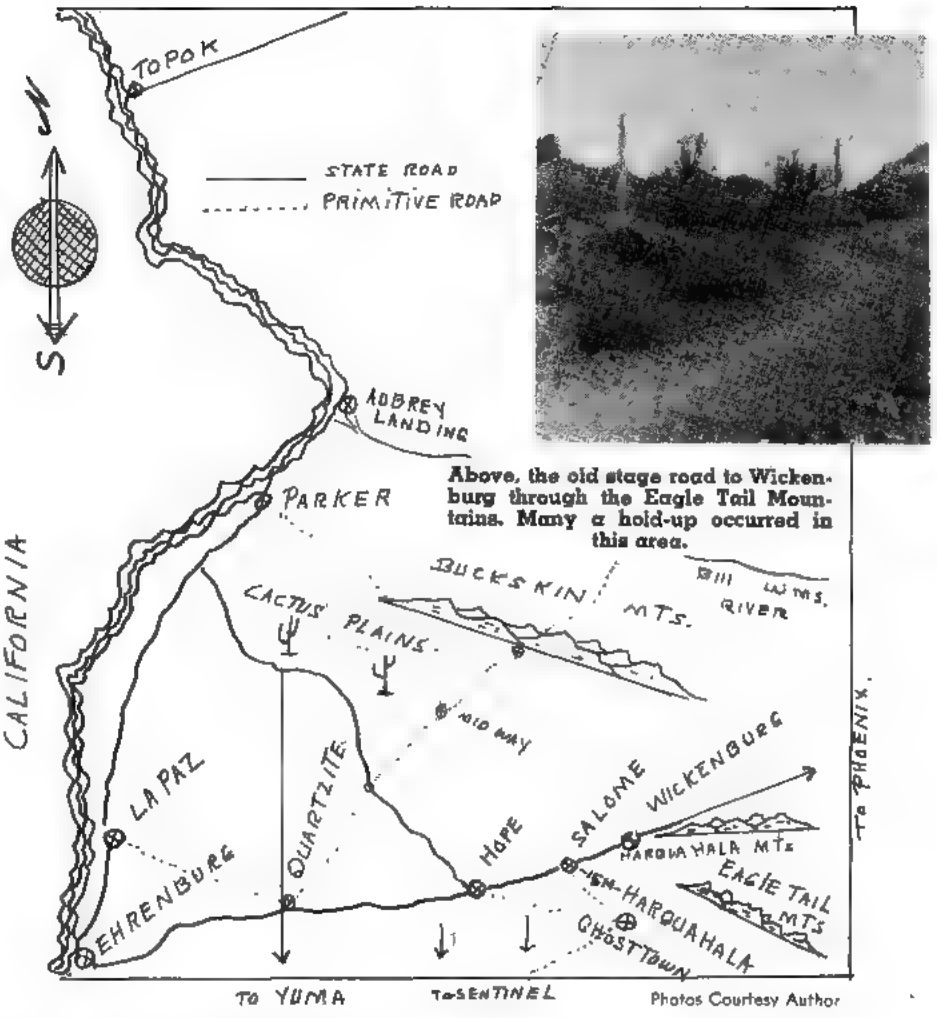
THE STORY of Harqua Hala is the story of many towns and the story of many people. More than a century before the discovery of the Bonanza and Gold Eagle mines, gold was known to exist in Arizona's Harqua Hala and Eagle Tail Mountains. In 1760 Spaniards who were prospecting for gold discovered the rich veins but were soon moved out by the Jicarilla Apaches, a very hostile desert tribe. Again in 1815 white men (this time Anglos) found the rich mines but their adventure was disastrous also. Not until 1890 was the gold town of Harqua Hala allowed to come into being.

Harry Wallace, Robert Stein, and Michael O'Sullivan are credited with the discovery of the Bonanza and Gold Eagle Mines. By 1891 Harqua Hala was booming. Joe Clem told me of his experiences there as a young boy.

"We came in 1891," Mr. Clem said. "The town was going strong then. Men were as thick as mosquitoes, going and coming from work in three shifts. The night spots never closed. Drinking and gambling was wide open. Many a cowboy I've seen come to town who never got back home. The law wasn't too much—seems as though every man was his own law. Harqua Hala had a grade school, general store, five saloons, two restaurants, a Chinese laundry, feed yard, blacksmith shop—a big butcher shop and slaughter house, a post office and a church. There was one saloon I remember real well. They had a Madam from San Francisco who wore a lot of fancy jewelry, and the Mexicans called her "La Simpatica." There were some goodlooking women there. I was just a boy of thirteen and things at that time made a great impression on me.

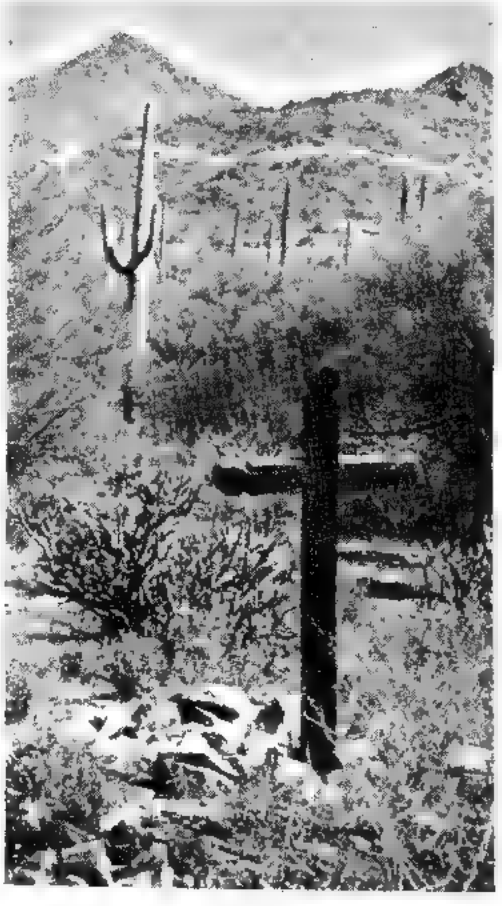
"Gold shipments were robbed so often on the long haul to the railroad in Phoenix that the company cast the gold into 400-pound ingots instead of 20-ounce bars. My father was driving a gold shipment wagon with his shotgun partner one time and they allowed me to go along. As we left town we came to a saloon and my father and the shotgun man went in and left me in the wagon saying, "Keep your eyes peeled, boy—we'll be right out."

"But it was late at night when they finally came out, and they brought a sizeable jug with them. They were feeling fine. To keep down suspicion we were using a fairly old wagon, and a 400-pound gold ingot was on the bottom of the wagon box covered with hay. As we crossed a small creek Father and his partner decided to stop and have a nip or



Above, the old stage road to Wickenburg through the Eagle Tail Mountains. Many a hold-up occurred in this area.

Photos Courtesy Author



A gold mill in the Harqua Hala District. Production was at its peak in the 1920s. At right is the old Harqua Hala graveyard. The stage road to Salome, Arizona, the nearest town, can be seen in the distance.

Above, the ruins of the company blacksmith shop. Below, an abandoned mine shaft on the Gold Eagle Mining Company property in Harqua Hala.

Above, old bee-hive coke ovens. Mining companies made their own coke for smelting ore. These ovens were constructed with stone blocks and no cement. Clay was used for mortar.

two from the jug, and our wagon sank a little in the creek bed. As we started out we had to lay the whip on the mules and they came out with a jerk.

"After we had gone down the road a little way, I realized the wagon sounded different. It was more bumpy and seemed lighter. I knew at once that we had lost our gold ingot.

"Father and the shotgun man were both sound asleep so I ran back, and sure enough as we had jerked out of the creek the gold had fallen through the flimsy wagon bottom and was there in the edge of the creek. I quickly unhooked the two old mules and drove them back and wrapped a long chain around the ingot and hooked the mules to it and dragged it back to the wagon. Then I covered it with hay and fed the mules and we all bedded down till daylight.

"The next morning we loaded the gold and it sure was a job—but we took it on to our delivery point and no one ever knew."

Clem also told me he used to sell the newspaper called the Harqua Hala *Miner*. He also sold home-made beer that his father made. It was called "corn beer," and it had quite a kick. The miners really liked it.

The Harqua Hala Gold Mining Company bought the mining property in 1893, but in about five years the main body of ore was exhausted. There followed many owners during the next forty years. The mine completely closed down in the thirties and people drifted away. Harqua Hala's day was over. Today the old gold town is reduced to ruins. It was located fifteen miles south of present-day Salome in Yuma County. There has been no post office there since December 31, 1932.

The fate of Harqua Hala is the story of numerous early-day mining towns where nothing is left and nothing is moving except the shifting sands. Harqua Hala means "wild flowers" in the Mohave Indian tongue. Wild flowers are short-lived.

LOST IN A WOLF DEN

By James E. Richardson

IN 1893 big grey wolves roamed the plains of central Wyoming, killing stock by the hundreds. As a result, the state placed a bounty of eight dollars on all wolves, big and little, young and old, hoping this would provide incentive for hunters and trappers to go after the animals.

Wolves usually run in packs of three to eight, and when they are on the move they travel with their heads down in a sort of trot. They are hard to hunt, for it is difficult to get within gunshot range of them; their coat is about the color of sagebrush, and they have keen eyesight and sharp hearing, so they usually see you before you see them. When they are hungry, they gang up on a beef, bring it down, eat their fill, and go on, seldom returning to their kill. So the best way to catch wolves is to get them before they're old enough to leave the dens.

There are usually two to seven pups in a litter, and their dens are in holes in the side of a draw, located where the pups can easily get out and romp around. The soil around that countryside is a sort of clay gumbo and, after the den has been used for a season or two, the sides get as hard as brick, very difficult for a man to enlarge so he can crawl in.

In spite of these difficulties, my father, my brother, and I decided to try our hands at wolf-hunting.

WE LEFT home the middle of April with an outfit consisting of a tent, blankets, about a month's supply of food, grain for the horses, a good rifle, rope, a pick, shovel, and a gold pan to use when we enlarged the holes after we'd crawled in. Attached to each side of the gold pan was a rope with which we would pull it in; then we would fill it up and pull it out again.

(Continued on page 54)

milk, and foam was on top. I can smell that milk now.

"People travelled in wagons—some ox wagons—very few buggies, and the women and girls often rode horseback, and wore long black riding skirts, and they came to see Mama when you were born. Every woman in the neighborhood came, and when you got big enough to take visiting, Mama put you in a little play wagon and pulled you, and Bert and Claud and I walked. When you got to be two or three she put us all on 'Old Morgan' and led him, and sometimes she rode 'Old Salt' and led Morgan and us all a-visiting. Then I remember her hitching up the horses to the wagon and going to Voca, and there the wagons and horses were all hitched around, and the stores had broad, high false fronts, some with a little porch out front, some with only a plank sidewalk.

"They had big picnics and political speeches, bucking horses and whiskey drinking. On the other hand the best Camp Meetings anywhere.

"And Mama's yard and all her neighbors' yards had phlox, hollyhocks, and the ground was covered with moss—red, white, yellow, pink, and striped.

"Mama would dress herself up as pretty as she could, and all her little girls. She curled her hair and did the same for us, and in the summertime she made us all white dresses and had pretty ribbon sashes and bows in our hair, and she had a pretty dress all the time. When she and Papa went to Church they were the prettiest couple there and had the sweetest singing voices. I could tell their voices from all the rest, even from outside the Church. I'd get out to get a drink sometimes. Water in big barrels in the shade. And now I'll never hear two voices as lovely as theirs on this earth again . . . and their voices have floated away as all those things I've written of will never return.

"Now you can know how life was when and where you were born. And life for your mother and father and your sisters was sweet and young and good. You were a loved little sister. . . .

"I just wonder how Mama used to keep us all clean and dressed as well as she did, for she made every stitch of our clothes from the skin out, and worked buttonholes and put buttons on every garment, and for herself too, and made all Papa's clothes but his Sunday suits, and washed and ironed every garment herself, and made her own soap, and ironed with those old flat irons, and scrubbed all the floors and kept the beds so clean, and made every quilt we had, and cooked every meal we ate. She was good to all her neighbors and went to see them, and took us all to Church if she could go—and they did go always when they were young.

"And she kept up in her reading, and she knew the Bible and world events and geography. We were born of a wonderful woman—our mother.

"Now I've got to close this, wishing you happiness through the year, and in the future years . . . .

"Love from Mary."

Left to right: James Stockton Longley; youngest daughter, Elizabeth; youngest son, D. B.; wife, Vie (Draper) Longley. Taken at their farm, 12 miles east of Hamilton, Texas, in 1914.

FROM her vivid little-girl memories, Mary Hooker's letter to her sister—slightly abridged from the original for purposes of this narration—presents a panoramic glimpse into the home and community life of her parents, Jim and Vie Longley, in the 1880s.

The long shadow of Jim's outlaw brother seemed at last to be fading from their lives. He and Vie knew, of course, that he must ever be alert; even so, the tensions were lessening. Vie's fears had subsided somewhat. Jim always kept a .45 handy, and in practice sessions he had the satisfaction of knowing he was still quick and accurate with it. A target—half-dollar size —at ten to fifteen paces, was not at all a difficult one.

Jim and Vie were well liked in the community. He became a candidate for the office of constable of his home precinct in 1888. He was elected and issued certification dated 12 November that year. But Jim and Vie Longley were not to enjoy their small measure of peace for long.

In an area apparently centered in neighboring San Saba County, a band of horse thieves and cattle rustlers had sprung into existence. They were a tightly knit group of lawless men, capable not only of theft but of worse if it served their purposes. Their thefts took a heavy toll from legitimate ranchers. Local officials seemed powerless to cope with them. Every honest rancher and stock-farmer was concerned—uneasy and fearful and angry.

In desperation, according to local tradition, a small group of wealthy cattlemen organized a committee of vigilantes —a counter-mob, so to speak. The vigilantes, known only to themselves, achieved a measure of success in the beginning. There was a sudden decline in the loss of livestock. Some of the suspected ringleaders left for parts unknown. Some who failed to take the hint died violently. A suspect had no appeal from this brand of justice. He ran or he died.

The vigilantes—"The Mob" as they came to be termed—had at first a great deal of support from honest farmers and ranchers who believed such an organization could put down the thieving. Some joined. But eventually men more evil than the thieves whose depredations had brought The Mob into existence, infiltrated and seized control, and all original purposes were lost. Personal vengeance apparently became its guiding principle, and in its final days, the only one.

Full membership—and The Mob would tolerate no less—seems to have been accomplished by a fraternal-type ritual of three degrees. The first two, it has been said, any law-abiding citizen could take in good conscience. But in the third and final degree one swore to obey the orders of the executive committee to the extent of burning an enemy out of home or grass or of killing him. And somewhere in the ritual each initiate evidently swore himself on penalty of death for violation to complete and utter secrecy concerning every phase of The Mob's activities or membership.

In the Voca community the meeting place of the Mob, the place of conferring degrees and ordering executions, appears to have been only a few minutes' horseback ride from the village proper in the San Saba River bottoms under the stars —and possibly for convenience at a time when the moon was full.

There were men in those days—nonmembers, that is—who considered the Farmers Alliance and The Mob to be one and the same. Possibly such a view was generated by the fact that certain known members of one organization were also members of the other. Another view was that certain members of The Mob merely used the local Farmers Alliance chapter as a front. Even so, many years after The Mob's demise, there were old-timers who used the two terms interchangeably to identify one group.

It was no secret in the Voca community, nor to Vie and her children, that Jim Longley was a member of the Farmers Alliance. In late 1966 in a letter referring to those days, eighty-four-year-old Mary Hooker, the premature first born of Jim and Vie, wrote:

"I remember I thought Mama and Papa both belonged to The Alliance. Perhaps it was only Papa, but it seems I heard them talking Alliance together. I know they thought it was a fine thing to belong to."

IN 1890 Longley decided not to seek a second term as constable in order to run for the office of county sheriff. He was opposing his friend, the highly respected incumbent F. M. (Uncle Marion) Miller, and a man by the name of John Whitesides who operated the Farmers Alliance store in Voca. Miller was the county's second sheriff, having been elected to the office in 1880, four years after the organization of McCulloch County.

Just what happened to persuade Jim Longley to withdraw from the race is not known, but withdraw he did. He threw his support to Miller. It is said that when Jim withdrew he revealed that he was a member of The Mob, and at the same time presented a list of names of members to county officials in Brady, the seat of county government. Jim indicated that he had joined believing he could more effectively help do away with livestock rustling and restore law and order to the land. He admitted to having been duped as others had been duped. He admitted to taking their ritual degrees, the first two willingly enough. But the third, he said, was taken under stress —at midnight in the San Saba River bottoms under the muzzles of cocked six-guns.

In the initiation he learned that the penalty for divulging the secrets of the organization was death, and that disobedience to an order of the executive committee carried the same penalty. How long he kept the fraternal secrets of The Mob is not known. When the executive committee met and ordered the death of Sheriff Miller and appointed Longley executioner, Jim refused the assignment stating that Marion Miller was his friend, and certainly no thief. Jim was warned of the penalty for disobedience. He was reminded that none who had disobeyed such an order was yet alive, and the matter was left at that point. No member of that committee believed, despite Jim's oral refusal, that Longley had the courage to disobey the order. They were sure he would find a way to dispose of Miller, given a little time.

Shortly after the election of November 10, however, word came to The Mob that Longley had "talked." On his first trip to Voca afterward, Jim was called aside by the man he had identified to county officials as "captain" of The Mob, and told angrily, "You gave us away and supported Miller for sheriff; the jig is up, Jim!"

Jim Longley faced his accuser squarely. His features were expressionless, his hands steady, his black eyes cold.

"You know I'm not a Christian man," he spoke softly. "But I'm right and you're wrong, and the man who shoots at me had better not miss. If you have the nerve, get out there with your pistol and we'll shoot it out!"

It was not in keeping with Mob policy to shoot a man face to face, especially if that man had a gun. Jim's accuser turned his back and walked away.

Jim Longley went home deeply troubled. He did not tell Vie of the incident. He wondered when and where they would make the attempt on his life. He resolved to be very careful about stepping in or out of a lighted doorway at night. And he resolved not to publish the routes he would take away from home, nor ride the same trail twice. He further resolved that his friend, the Colt .45, would henceforth be an even more constant companion. That evening following supper he surveyed the landscape carefully before stepping outside. He did not sit in the same place he usually sat. He looked west into the sunset but its beauty escaped him. When Vie's soft voice floated out the open window into the crisp autumn evening—"Swing low, sweet chariot . . ."—for the first time Jim Longley did not hear.

A NEW HOME had been built a hundred yards or so southwesterly from the old "tent house." Jim and Vie had moved in except for a portion which was not yet shingled. He felt that by pushing himself he could cover that part in less than a full day. The family needed that extra living space.

On Thursday morning, December 4, 1890, Jim tied on his home-made nail apron, dropped a hammer in the apron belt, put nails in one pocket of the apron and his .45 in the other, climbed to the roof and started nailing on shingles. He was hard at work by the time the two older girls, Mary eight, and Claudia six, had trudged off to school at the red sandstone school building about a half-mile northwest.

Jim was alert and watchful, realizing he made an excellent target. The morning seemed long and the work seemed to progress slowly. He felt he was spending more time surveying the landscape than he was spending at work. Vie was sorely needed to serve as a lookout, but Jim still had not told her of the threats and was reluctant to trouble her. She had had more than her share of trouble and worry already.

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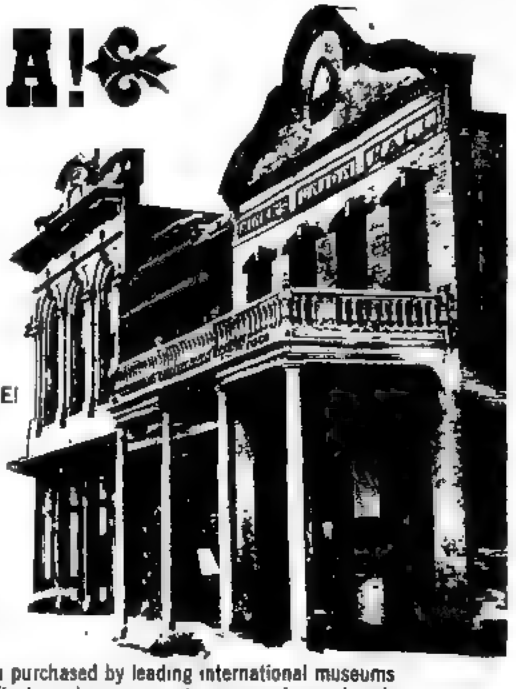

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When Vie called Jim to lunch it was with a sense of relief that he climbed from his exposed position. Following the meal, as Vie cleaned the kitchen, he played with four-year-old Berta. Then he stretched out on the floor for a nap, but sleep would not come. About 2:00 o'clock he again put on his gun-weighted apron and went back on the roof. It would not take him long to finish, he thought.

In the meantime, Vie had readied herself and the babies, Berta and Rose, for a shopping trip to Spiller's Store in Voca, a half-mile northeast. She put the girls in their play wagon, called cheerily to her husband and waved as she picked up the tongue and rolled the girls away.

In a little more than an hour, Jim's job was completed. Back on the ground he surveyed the job with satisfaction. He raked up the scrap shingles and took a portion of them to the wood box inside—in a corner behind the wood-burning stove—to be used for kindling.

Jim laid the nail apron aside. His gun belt and empty holster were on a wall peg. He took his .45 from the apron and dropped it back in its holster. He helped himself to some of Vie's good tea-cakes, and sat at the kitchen table munching them—brooding, reviewing his problems. He sat for possibly fifteen minutes. On getting to his feet he glanced east out a window toward his log crib, corrals and fodder lot some seventy yards away. His glance revealed the fodder fence down, and the horse, Old Morgan, gorging himself on hay.

"The old devil!" he exclaimed under his breath, and hurried out to move the horse and repair the fence. As he stooped to pick up some brush, of which the fodder lot was made, his senses reeled as he was knocked to his hands and knees. He felt the blow and heard the shot and knew its meaning. Looking up quickly he saw a man at the end of the brush fence, rifle leveled and pointing in his direction. The man with the rifle stepped quickly behind a section of the fence. Jim grabbed for his gun and his hand came away empty. His gun was still in its holster on the wall peg at the house. He knew he had been hit but was able to spring quickly into action, getting the haystack and log crib between himself and his assailant. In a zig-zag fashion he ran toward the house. A second bullet sang by in its death-dealing search before he reached shelter. The second shot was a miss. Jim grabbed his .45 as he ran through the house, out another door and back toward the corrals in time to see the man riding hell-for-leather into some nearby woods.

Jim felt the back of his head and his hand came away soaked in blood. He had a terrific headache. He went back to his new dwelling, picked up a shirt and crudely bandaged his wound.

As Mary, the then eight-year-old remembered it: "We were going home from school along the road that ran by the fence, and I heard gunshots and I said, 'I guess Papa is shooting rabbits'.

"We walked on and pretty soon, Coalie, the dog ran to me with terror in his eyes. He hesitated by me a little and ran toward the house. I was too little to know the dog was telling me to 'Come quick'. We went on to the corner and turned toward home . . . passed the old tent house place and went on toward the new house where we had moved in. The horse was running and snorting. Fannie Banta was in the school crowd, and Claudia and Fannie and I ran to the house. When I got to the porch Papa was standing there with a shirt wrapped around his head, and it was all bloody, and I cried and Fannie cried. Then she said, 'I must go tell Papa', then she left running. After a while Mama came. I think Claudia ran to meet her and tell her. . . . She was pulling a little wagon she had taken to town to Spiller's Store to get some things, and when she got to the porch and saw Papa, she cried and said 'Oh Jim!' He told her not to cry. . . .

"I was so afraid Papa would die—and the doctor told him if the bullet had gone a hair's breadth deeper it would have been a fatal wound. Papa carried that scar on the back of his head to his grave."

ACTUALLY the bullet had just creased his head at the base of the skull, and as Jim Longley later examined the spot where he had been knocked to his hands and knees, he realized the horse had been let in purposely to draw him within rifle range. He discovered on further examination of the spot that a twig in the brush fence had deflected the bullet—possibly just enough to avert lethal impact into his brain. Jim clipped the bullet-scarred twig and kept it thereafter in his pocket as a good luck charm.

In a very short time after Jim was shot, Fannie Banta's father, George, came in his wagon and took Jim to the doctor in Voca. When the doctor had finished treating him, Jim walked out on the town's one street, his head swathed in bandages, a six-gun in either hand. He walked the length of that suddenly deserted street, cursing The Mob, loudly challenging the closed doors behind some of which he knew armed enemies stood.

"Come out now, you cowards," he shouted. "You will shoot a man in the back but you haven't the guts to meet him face to face!"

The daughter of Jim and Vie Longley, Mary Longley Hooker, born July 31, 1882.

At the far end of the street, Jim turned and retraced his steps, all the while loudly daring any Mob representative to step out and face him. Not one door opened. There was no sign of life except the patient George Banta on his buckboard, lines in hand, waiting for his friend's fury to subside enough to be willing to return home.

Daughter Mary's narrative continues, "Mr. Banta took us all home with him. Mama and Papa did not want to go, but Mr. Banta *would* have us go. After supper he and Papa came back and watched all night, afraid some of the Mob would come back to finish what they had started, or set fire to the house.

"A Mr. Bryson, our sheep-herder, slept in our wagon that night like he always did. . . ."

The following day in Brady, Jim Longley filed a complaint against a young man who was later billed by a grand jury for "assault with intent to murder." He was not convicted.

In the days immediately following the attempt on Jim Longley's life, tensions within the family mounted with each passing day. No member was unaffected. Both Jim and Vie knew it was only a matter of time until The Mob would strike again—next time doubtlessly under cover of darkness and in superior numbers, the traditional method of eliminating enemies. Jim knew the odds against him were impossible ones; Vie knew it; the older little girls sensed it.

The white heat of Jim's anger ran deep. His fury was near boundless. He sensed not the shadow but the real presence of his older brother, Bill Longley sat with him, stood with him, walked with him, rode beside him wherever he went. Jim's every instinct was to seek and destroy—the same unreasoning instincts which had led Bill to the gallows.

Jim Longley remembered well. In his mind's eye he saw Wilse Anderson fall dead at Bill's feet. He remembered the long weeks of hurt and pain deep in the eyes of his grieving parents and in the eyes of his sisters and brothers prior to Bill's execution. He remembered, too, his own grief.

Suddenly, despite his fury—perhaps even because of it—he made up his mind to heed the tearful entreaties of Vie and the older little girls. It was a terribly painful experience to witness the fear in their eyes each time he mounted his horse and rode away from home. He *would* move.

Soon thereafter he disposed of what livestock he could and left with his family for the home of Vie's parents; thence for a season to his own father's home before locating more permanently elsewhere.

COURT proceedings brought about by the attempted murder required Jim Longley to make a number of trips back to McCulloch County. On one such visit he wrote his wife at the Draper home in Florence a letter dated April 22, 1891. He addressed himself to "Dear Vie and the little girls," and requested that Vie kiss them for him. He advised her that he was safe and happy and that she should not be uneasy. He stated that everything was quiet in Voca and that many people seemed glad to see him. There had been rain, he wrote, for over a week, with rain and hail both on the previous night. He continued, "Corn in our orchard is nearly knee high. I will have to stay here until the 11th of May. McShan [W. McShan, County and District Clerk] has sent attachments to Sparks [Bell County Sheriff] for us both. Don't grieve for me for there is no danger here [now] for me. Thursey [Thurza, wife of Sheriff F. M. Miller] was the proudest thing to see me come in you ever saw. She said they, The Mob, had blowed around that I was afraid to come, and she told them I was not afraid of them, and that I would be here . . . said it was the very thing for me to come, and on the train, and over the hack to Voca as I did, and didn't slip in.

"I saw lots of The Mob in Milburn [a town in northeastern McCulloch County] and talked with them. They asked me if I would stay for court. I told them I would—I had come to prosecute.

"It pleased Uncle Matt [Matt Richardson who married Ellen, an aunt of Vie] to see me come in as I did for I had been reported in the County several times and they [members of the Mob] had hung a chunk [a piece of wood] on J. Longley trail in the sand flat and shot it twice and let it hang there for a week, then cut it down. . . ."

The letter then continued with some items of local news in which he knew

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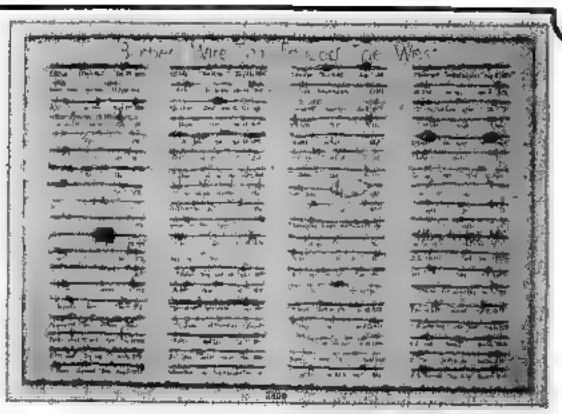

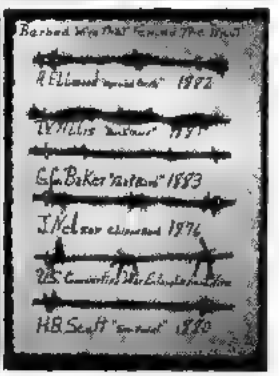

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Vie would be interested, and ended,

"Kiss the babies for Pa. One thousand good prayers. James Stockton Longley."

In the years that followed, three more children were born to the Longleys; Herbert, Dewey Byron, and Elizabeth. After leaving McCulloch County, Jim tried farming in Bell, Burleson, and Hamilton Counties, but settled finally at Snyder in Scurry County where he became a cotton buyer.

After 1900 Jim and Vie knew a measure of peace and moderate prosperity. The long shadow of Wild Bill no longer hovered closely over them. And probably Bill's reputation had nothing at all to do with the last bit of gun-play in which Jim was involved.

Jim had reached the proverbial three score and ten years when he had a disagreement with a younger man. The younger man loudly and publicly threatened to kill him.

Jim sat in his office one dull November day brooding over the matter when an auto skidded to a tire-burning halt in the street. He knew instinctively what that screech of tires meant, and he got to his feet and faced the street door. In an instant the younger man burst through, advancing on Jim Longley with threatening gestures. Jim drew quickly and fired one shot from his .45.

Fortunately for both Jim and his would-be assailant, the bullet struck a gun in the man's bib pocket, split, and only one small portion lodged in his body. The wound was not critical and the man was soon on his feet again.

The grand jury refused to indict Jim, and afterwards a juror reported the man as saying, on being asked what kind of a gun Mr. Longley shot him with, "I don't know. The old s.o.b. was so fast I never saw the gun."

WHEN Vie became ill and was in a Temple, Texas hospital in 1928, Jim knew his wife could not live. One day as she slept and he restlessly walked the corridor outside her door, he was startled by the beautiful, rich contralto of a Negro girl singing, "Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home. . ." Jim knew the chariot had already swung low and would soon carry Vie away. Great tears welled up in that strong man's eyes. His body shook with sobs.

Vie was buried in the Longley family plot at Lometa, Texas. Nearly ten years later, on April 15, 1938, Vie's chariot returned for her husband Jim.

Repping With the ID Wagon

(Continued from page 21)

ber brands that were pegged out on the ground for the squaws to work with fleshing knives before tanning the hide. He would place the Indian owner of the number brand under arrest and take him to the agency. Invariably the Fort Belknap Agent, who had been there for many long years, would dismiss all charges. He even suggested to Ashurst that he confine his effort to more general supervision of all livestock.

The Dry Lightning beef killings and arrests were undoubtedly the primary cause of ill feeling between the Indians and the salty Agency Stockman of the ID roundup outfit, a man dedicated to complying with the rules as laid down by the Indian Department.

THE GATHERING of the full-blood and half-breed cowpunchers at the Lodge Pole Sub-agency for the beginning of the roundup always held a certain holiday atmosphere, because it was only in the spring and fall that these young cowhands met. The approximate distance from the Fort Belknap Agency on Milk River to the south boundary in the heart of the Little Rockies was about fifty miles; the Lodge Pole Sub-agency located on the north slope of the mountain was about twenty-five miles from the main agency, or approximately midway between the north and south boundary lines. And it was about twenty-five miles between the east and west boundaries, with a five-strand barbwire fence enclosing the entire reservation.

There was a sort of invisible line which divided the Indians who were located in the Little Rockies south of Lodge Pole where they went on Issue ration days, from the Indians in the fertile Milk River Valley who on ration days got their supplies at the main Fort Belknap Agency. That was especially true of the Old Men who rarely went more than a few miles from their lodges where they lived in government issue canvas tipis in the summer and in log cabins in winter.

The younger Indians whose small ranches were in the Little Rockies hired out to the Circle C, the Phillips Sheep and Cattle outfit, and other nearby ranchers.

The young Indians located along the Milk River Valley, or south of Milk River, hired out to the Circle Diamond whose headquarters ranch was on Milk River, a few miles from Malta, or to the big outfits between Milk River and the Canadian border, or to the Bear Paw Pool.

So it was, that only on the spring and fall roundups did they get together, and that held doubly true for me as Circle C rep. For the most part the Indians from the Milk River end of the reservation were all strangers to me and were slow to make friends. They were standoffish and wooden-faced as they looked me over, the only white man excepting the ID wagon boss who was on their bad-medicine blacklist according to Abe Long Knife. I felt like a stranger in a strange land on this my first ID roundup. It was up to me to speak easy and tread softly around camp, keep my mouth shut and my eyes open while the uneasy tension lasted.

When the roundup got underway I was paired off with Roy Long Knife to stand two hours night guard, and the first night we rode around the bedded herd Roy dropped several broad hints regarding the ill-feeling towards Andy Ashurst. Each of the following nights his hints grew a little bolder, giving me to understand that every full-blood and most of the half-breed cowpunchers carried a grudge against the white wagon boss, and that before long there would

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be bad trouble. According to Roy, every day and night they were holding secret medicine talks, on day herd and while riding morning circle or standing night guard, but never together in one big council.

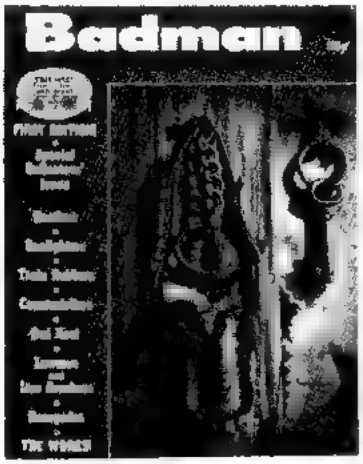
I made it plain, right from the start, that I wanted no part of any trouble. To deal me out. I told Roy to pass the word to one and all concerned that I wanted to be long gone at the final showdown. If the Agency Stockman was guilty of any wrong doing, as Roy had broadly hinted, that was Ashurst's worry and none of mine. I was repping with the ID wagon for one purpose only, to gather the Circle C remnant beef steers, and when the showdown came I'd ride off yonderly, and Roy promised he would tip me off far enough in advance.

MEANWHILE I covertly watched Andy Ashurst like a weather man watches the skies for black thunderhead clouds, and from the way I read sign the wagon boss was getting edgy and his nerve ends were rubbed more raw each day. Any man not totally blind or deaf could sense the smouldering anger of the cowpuncher crew, and I knew that Ashurst was nobody's fool, that he had the eye of an eagle, and ears of a fox, and his wits were whetted like a honed razor. Whatever imaginary faults he was accused of, the wagon boss had more than his share of guts. It was a cinch bet he was aware of the threatening danger so thinly veiled by the sullen attitude of his crew of ID cowhands, and I didn't feel it was my place to warn him at this time.

Day after day Ashurst poured on the work, leading his men on long pre-dawn morning circles. Often as not the cowhands he dropped off last came in with their drives, riding played-out, leg-weary G Dot Injun ponies. Or he would put two half-breeds, repping for their squawman father's outfit, on all day day-herd, giving them no chance to cut their beef steers from the holdup gatherment, leaving the cutting job to other reps. Every man in the outfit, including me, felt the sting of the pressure he was pouring on.

Ashurst packed his Colt .45 within easy reach in the waistband of his Levi's. He ate his meals alone. At night he pitched his one-man tent apart from the rest of the crew. He had the government authority of an Indian policeman and he ruled his ID cowpunchers with an iron hand and a .45 ready for use on any man with the guts to start a showdown. In various ways the wagon boss let it be known that any man found packing a hand gun was subject to arrest under the government ID law that forbade such within the confines of the Fort Belknap Reservation. Ashurst was taking no chances on being shot where his galluses crossed.

On the beef roundup the wagon boss of any big outfit never had to stand two hours night guard around a bedded herd, and the Agency Stockman was no exception to that ruling, but Ashurst kept his night horse Pigeon tied to the hind wheel of the bed wagon. He had volun-



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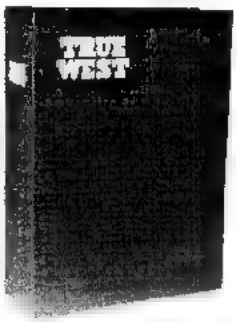

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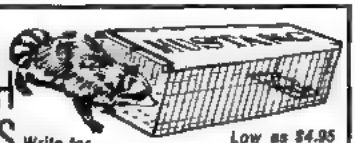

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teered the information to me that his monthly pay check was waiting for him at the agent's office and as soon as the roundup was camped at the stockyards at Harlem, a few miles from the Fort Belknap Agency, he would pick it up and pay me the hundred bucks he owed for Pigeon, and that was all right by me. I knew Andy Ashurst was an honest man.

IT WAS a star-filled night when me'n Roy Long Knife forked our night horses at midnight to go on third guard until two in the morning. The beef herd was bedded down about a half mile from camp and they were lying as quiet and peaceful as a band of sheep. Jesse Iron Horn on second guard had ridden to camp to wake us, leaving Merlin Shield to hold the herd, and we could hear Merlin singing as we rode up. Usually he sang old trail songs or cowboy laments, but tonight Merlin Shield was chanting an Assiniboine war song, its tune varying from a low guttural sound to a high pitched shrill, but even then the tone was muted. When he rode up to where we were waiting he said, "Me'n Roy Long Knife want to have a little medicine talk."

I took the hint and rode off. When two men were standing night guard they rode off in opposite directions; that way the horsebackers met twice on the wide circle. But when I reached the place where I'd left Roy and Merlin talking in their native tongue neither of them was in sight. I thought nothing of it at the time, figuring that they had ridden off into a coulee to roll a cigarette because the flare of a match might spook the bedded steers, but when Roy Long Knife failed to show on the second go-round I began to get a little suspicious. I then recalled something I'd noticed about Merlin Shield, that his lean swarthy face in the glow of the three-quarter moon had a darker color than usual as if he'd rubbed it with red powdery dust the Old Men had habitually smeared on their cheeks and forehead and into the roots of their long hair when going on the warpath. It was a worrisome thought to hold and the longer I held it the more edgy I got.

It was on the third go-round and forty-five minutes later by the guard watch when I sighted Roy Long Knife riding out of a long, brushy coulee. I pulled up and waited for him and I could sense that something was wrong because his face, like Merlin Shield's, was smeared with red war dust and his breath stank of rotgut booze.

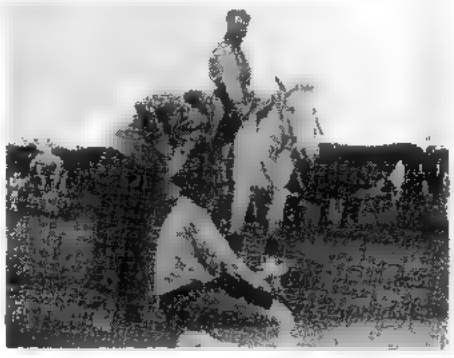
"We got it made, Ocksheebie," Roy's white teeth showed in a sort of grin. "Come daybreak we are all riding to camp. All us full-bloods, no half-breeds. We aim to scalp that Agency Stockman. If he shows fight that white man will get the worst of it. I kept my promise to warn you. It's time you were long gone from here. Come back tomorrow when the sun goes down."

Roy pulled a quart bottle from the pocket of his orange-dyed Angora wool chaps and shoved it at me. I went through the motions of taking a long drink and handed the bottle back. I tol Roy I was going to camp to get m six-shooter out of my bed, then lope away before he could offer any objec tions.

When I reached camp every nigh horse was gone except for Pigeon tied b a hackamore rope to the hind wheel o the bed wagon. I swung down from m saddle, got my gun and shoved in int my chaps pocket. I then went over t the wagon boss' tent and saw that th flap was tied shut with canvas string

"Come alive, Mr. Ashurst! This i Walt Coburn!" I called out in a voice I tried to make steady. When I called a second time I heard muffled sounds inside the tent and soon he came out fully dressed with his boots and hat on, a six-shooter in his hand.

As briefly as possible I told him the bare facts of the tight he was in, that the full-bloods had located a whiskey peddler and were getting drunk, that



Jack Ashurst on white horse at Belknap Reservation in 1914.

they were armed with six-shooters and had war paint on their faces. I told him they were threatening to scalp him alive and that they meant business and no two ways about it. I advised him the best thing he could do was to fork his horse and get out of camp right then because if he stayed to make a stand he might get the worst of it, one man against a bunch of drunken Injuns.

"I got a wife and children to think about, otherwise I'd make a stand," Andy Ashurst's voice was toneless, brittle as shattered glass. "I haven't had my clothes off since the roundup wagon left the Lodge Pole Sub-agency. I just shed my boots and hat and sleep with a gun in my hand, one eye open. I'll head for the Fort Belknap Agency and let the agent handle this mess and disprove the accusations against me. I'm much obliged to you, Walt, for tipping me off. You no doubt have saved my life, for which I am appreciative."

I waited until he rode off at a long lope, then I forked Possum and got the hell away from that deserted roundup camp. I didn't take time to see if the half-breed cook was in bed in the mess tent, on account of I was in a cold sweat to make a fast getaway. If those Injun boys I'd grown up with were to find out I'd warned the wagon boss there was no telling what their reaction would be, and I was taking no chances on losing my hair.

WHEN I'd gone a safe distance I let my horse settle down to a running walk and we must have traveled seven-eight miles by the time the first streaks of a gray dawn showed in the eastern sky. It was time for me to look around for a place to hole up for the day. Pretty soon it was light enough to make out the giant cottonwood trees on the banks of Milk River, the tall willows, and the wild rose and berry bushes that grew in a dense thicket. I could see a sod-roofed log cabin and a lean-to log horse barn with two haystacks fenced in behind the barn. No horses grazed in the pasture; no smoke came from the cabin chimney; there was no sign of life.

It had all the earmarks of a good quiet place to hole up until the trouble was over. And I did. There was a sheet iron camp stove in the cabin, a kitchen table and two chairs, and a homemade pineboard bunk at the far end with an old hay-filled mattress. The dirt floor had been sprinkled down and swept clean, but there was no grub, no dishes, no coffee pot or skillet. A gunnysack hung over the only small window, and by the looks of the place I reckoned it belonged to a bachelor homesteader who had hired out to some outfit during roundup season.

I rode down to the riverbank and watered Possum, then unsaddled and hobbled his front feet. I filled my belly with wild red currants, then lazed around smoking and thinking things over, dozing off now and then. When the sun was mid-morning high I stripped to the hide and went for a swim and lay naked as a jaybird on the sand bar letting the warm sun dry me off. Then back in the water again. I put in the day swimming and drying off in the sun, while Possum grazed in the green bluejoint grass.

At sundown I got dressed and saddled up. That swim and the sun on my hide was good medicine while it lasted, and it was with some reluctance that I headed back to where the ID wagon was camped near Snake Creek. As I neared camp I conjured up the picture of the Agency Stockman back in charge with half a dozen blue-coated, brass-buttoned Injun police to back him up, and the full-blood cowhands locked up in the agency dally house.

As I rode nearer I could see two cowboys on what is known for some reason as "cocktail guard" as they grazed the cattle onto the bedground. The scattered remuda was grazing near camp. Full-blood and half-breed cowhands were all lazing around camp, their night horses on picket ropes, but the Agency Stockman and his one-man tent were nowhere to be seen. Everything was calm and peaceful.

Grizzled, half-breed George Contway came out of the mess tent as I rode up to the rope corral and swung down. There was an amused glint in his black eyes. "Long time no see," Contway said, a hidden chuckle in his voice.

"I smelled trouble," I smiled back, "and hightailed it. Where's Andy Ashurst, George?"

"Like you," Contway said, "The wagon boss smelled trouble and pulled out for parts unknown. When the full-bloods couldn't find him in his tent last night they went into the brush to sleep off their jags. Along about noon the agent from Fort Belknap showed up with blood in his eye. After asking a lot of questions he appointed me the Agency Stockman and wagon boss of the ID roundup. He had some Injun police with him and had it made to lock every full-blood in the agency jail and throw away the key, but I managed to talk him out of the notion.

"He told me that Andy Ashurst was as honest as the day is long, that he tried to do his job according to government ruling and the Indians had resented being arrested when 'Dry Lightning' killed a beef or two. He gave me strict orders to hush up the whole mess because a stink like that would give the Fort Belknap Reservation a bad rep. He said that Ashurst would be transferred to another reservation."

Later it was agreed between all of us to keep our mouths shut about the whole thing. We decided: there had never been any bad blood between the Agency Stockman and the full-blood Indians on the reservation; Andy Ashurst had gotten along first rate with every cowhand in the ID outfit; no crock of rotgut whiskey had been passed around last night or any other time, and no man had so much as smelled a cork.

The following morning we trimmed the beef herd, cutting out the culls, and moved camp that afternoon, grazing the day herd onto the bedground on the banks of Milk River about a half mile from the railway stockyards at Harlem. And the following day at the crack of dawn we began loading the steers in the cattle cars.

We finished shipping by mid-afternoon and George Contway moved the ID outfit back to the old roundup campground near Snake Creek. A few of the half-breed cowhands stayed in town to bend an elbow and I decided to throw in with them for a few rounds. When we rode down the street to the feed and livery barn to put up our horses there was my fancy town horse Pigeon. The Circle C brand on his left shoulder had never been vented and so the horse still belonged to me. When I got ready to leave town I paid the feed bill on my two horses, saddled Pigeon, and leading Possum I pulled out with the rest of the ID cowhands for camp.

"Do your drinking in town," George Contway had warned us. "Don't fetch no booze back to camp." And the new wagon boss meant what he said and that's the way it was.

After breakfast the next morning I roped out my string and pulled out for the Circle C ranch. Despite the fact that I was well aware that I was seeing those full-blood and half-breed boys I'd grown up with for the last time, as they were, there was no formality of handshaking or solemn words of farewell. It was simply a careless "So long" and a wave of a hand as I rode away herding my string of horses. But there was an aching lump

(Continued on page 54)

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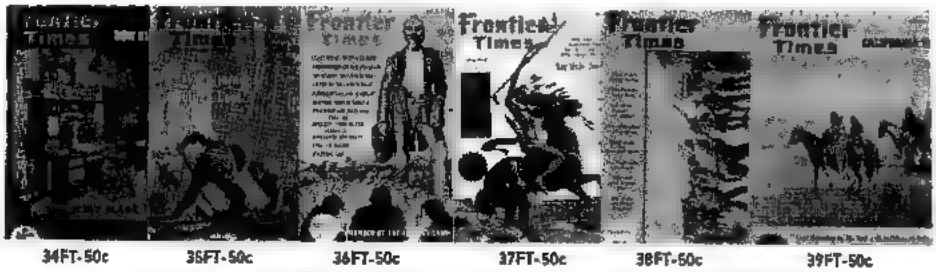

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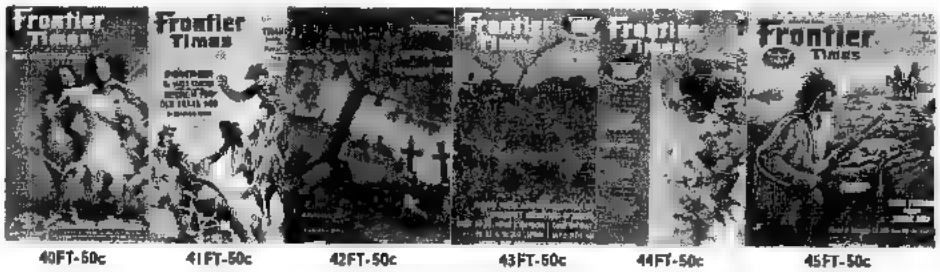

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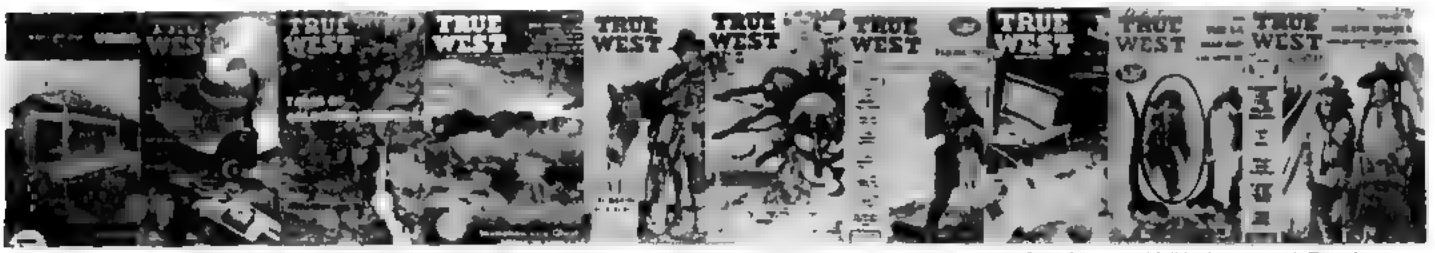

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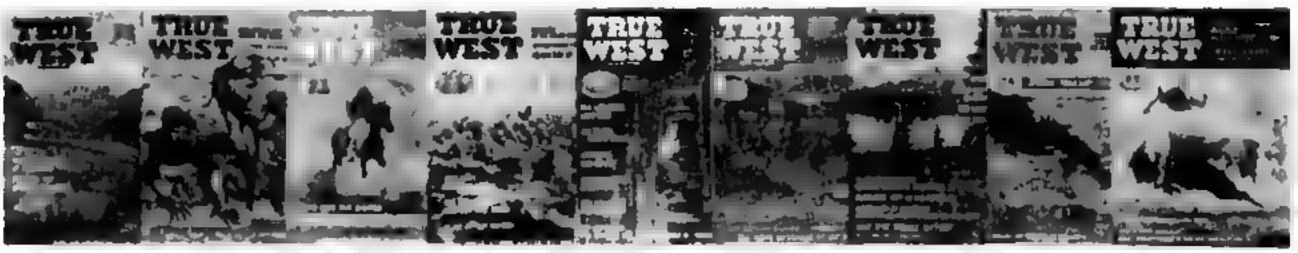

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(Continued from page 51)
in my throat, and sand and sun in my eyes.

I left Montana that fall and I never saw Andy Ashurst again, but I knew in my heart that he was a fine man, dedicated to doing his job on the Fort Belknap Reservation, and I was glad that I had warned him in time to avoid what might have been a tragic ending.

Most of the full-blood Assiniboine and Gros Ventres and the half-breed cowhands I rode with as rep for the Circle C with the ID wagon on my last roundup in Montana, are long gone to the Shadow Hills, but after half a century of time those nostalgic memories come back as though it were yesterday.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 43)

Once we started, we were very successful. Sometimes it would take us all day to dig out a hole, but two or three times we found as many as twenty pups in a single hole. It was unusual for more than two wolves to pup in the same den.

On the second day, we got into antelope country, a magnificent sight. The antelope is the cleanest animal I've ever seen. White as snow, they just shine in the sun, and when they run they bounce along as though they were on springs.

Round about the fourth day we camped in a small, grassy depression at a beautiful campsite. I noticed a big black cloud in the north, but I didn't pay much attention to it although I noticed my father looking up at it quite often.

After supper, Father went out of camp a short way and stood and listened. When he returned he said, "Boys, we'll have to get out of here and get to higher ground. That cloud looks ominous, and this little creek will soon be a river if I'm right. Jimmie," he said to me, "you get the team while DeSoto and I load everything into the wagon."

By the time I'd hitched up the team, everything was in the wagon. We drove about half a mile until we came to a small grove of aspens. By that time the wind was blowing pretty hard, and the lightning and thunder seemed meaner. I tied the team in the grove out of the wind, then ran to help my dad and brother who were having a hard time with the tent. I swung my weight on the tent pole until they got it staked down, and we were all set.

The wind blew with gale-like force for about thirty minutes. When we finally came out to take a look around, the big cloud had passed and we all felt much safer. "There must have been a cloudburst up north. Look down there," said Father. We looked down to our original camping spot and there was the little stream, spouting about three feet of water, in a hurry to get down to a lower level.

The next morning we moved ten miles farther north into good wolf country. "Boys," said dad, "if we don't find any pups up here, I'd say our wolf hunt is about over." The following two days, all the dens we found had been vacated, the pups being old enough to leave.

ONE afternoon my father and brother went out to explore in different directions, while I stayed in camp to stake out the pup pelts to dry, and to do some cooking. About three o'clock the two explorers returned to camp, tired and hungry.

"I found a good-looking den about a mile up," said my brother. "I think we should take a look at it before we leave."

The next day we went over to see the den and my brother went into the hole. Father and I sat down and waited. When nothing happened after a reasonable time, Father went to the hole and listened. "He's been in there almost a half-hour. I wonder what's keeping him."

After another half-hour passed Father became worried. "Jimmie, you'd better go in and see if you can find out what's keeping him."

I went in about forty feet. The hole was large enough to crawl through, but it was also very dark. I called several times and listened, but the only thing I could hear was my heart thumping so I decided to back-track and crawl out.

"Did you find him?" asked Father as soon as he saw me.

"I called and called, but I couldn't hear a sound."

"What kind of hole is it?"

"If it's as large all the way as it is at the front, he can't possibly have got stuck." At this point I was really scared.

Father thought for a minute, then he said, "Go to camp and get the lantern, and make sure it's full of oil. Then look in the ammunition box; you'll find a large ball of cord there. Bring that, too."

I ran all the way to camp and back, all the time wondering what could have happened to my brother. He might have taken a side channel and got trapped, or he might have found a snake. I hoped against hope he would be there when I returned.

When I got back my father was all in a dither. He said, "Hurry and tie the end of this cord to the lantern. Then go in and see if you can find him. If I jerk on this cord, come on out immediately."

So I went in, pushing the lantern ahead of me and trying to keep out of the way of the cord so I wouldn't break it. As I crawled along, the channel turned to the right and I noticed two or three side channels branching off to both the right and left sides. Just as I was deciding which channel to follow, I noticed that the cord felt loose and I decided it must be broken, so I started back out again. I came to the break about twenty feet from the end of the channel, but I could already see daylight so I found my way all right.

When I got outside, there were tears in my father's eyes. "I thought I'd lost you too. Take that piece of cord off the lantern and tie on the long piece. Don't put a knot in the cord or it might catch again. Now, remember, if I jerk on the cord three times, come out."

So I went in once more and just as I'd got to where I had been the last time I felt three jerks on the cord. Back I went again. When I got out, my father was all excited. "Look," he said. "There his handkerchief waving at the end c a stick."

Sure enough—about fifty feet to ou left was his handkerchief. I went ove to the hole, got down on my hands an knees and called, but the only respons I got was a wiggle of the stick. I too hold of the stick and pulled to let hir know I was there, then I got busy an began to dig a trench.

When I was some four feet into th bank, and at the depth where I though the bottom of the hole was, I began t dig out the center. I'd soon opened th hole enough so I could see his face. called to my brother to crawl back a little so I could dig out some more, bu he shook his head and I knew he mus be stuck. With Father's help, I began t dig beneath him and soon the hole wa large enough for us to pull him out.

He was covered with dirt from hea to foot and he couldn't even open hi eyes. I wet his handkerchief, wiped th dirt out of his eyes, and gave him a drink of water. Before long he was abl to talk, but the only thing he would say was, "Home." So we put him on the horse and started for camp, Father leading the way.

When we got to camp, we gave him another drink of water and put him in the shade of the wagon to rest. The next morning we loaded up and headed for home. It had been a successful wolf hunt but after the events of the last day we weren't so sure we'd try it again.

My Father, the Briton

(Continued from page 39)

two and he a year and a half later.

But one thing I do know is a sketchy summary of his life-long association with boats, which were our only means of private or commercial transportation until my mid-teens.

MY father's father was a sea captain, but forbade young Tom to follow in his wake, a command his son disobeyed. Tom ran away to seek a life on the briny at the age of eleven and thirteen, each time being returned home by the police. At fourteen he succeeded in escaping and worked for three years as a middy on the good ship *Tempest*, sailing between Southhampton and Calcutta. During this time his parents did not know if he was dead or alive. When he returned home at seventeen, his father had just retired and the next trip of the *Tempest*, after the boy became a landlubber, ended in shipwreck off the treacherous Bay of Biscay.

Tom finished school, excelling in oil painting and music. For awhile he played drums in a band. His next trade was as a French pastry maker (he always scorned my mother's pastry no matter how good), and his final "position" (not a job) was as gamekeeper and paymaster for the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland. His Grace penned a letter of recommendation for Tom to take to Canada, calling him "a young man of gentility, excellent penmanship, who would serve well as a gamekeeper or accountant." (Gamekeeper in B. C.?)

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T. A. Mills in 1873, just after his return from a three-year stint as a "middy" on a run between Calcutta and Liverpool.

After the long voyage by sailing vessel to Victoria and a brief stay in Nelson, Tom piloted tugboats between Vancouver Island and the mainland, and then worked as a boat-puller on otter hunts. He had kept in touch with the Starmer-Smiths in Nelson and sometimes went there by train, shanks' ponies, or riding a cayuse.

Next came prospecting with an American partner at which time he staked the claim for the future Emerald tungsten mine. This he sold for peanuts several years later, because a husband has to settle down and earn a living—in Father's case as a bookkeeper and part-time sign painter.

In Nelson all streets are up or down, the left-right streets parallel to the water below. There were no roads out of town —only one watery highway, Kootenay Lake. On it rode canoes, rowboats, launches of various sizes, tugs and three CPR steamers with Indian names—*Moyie, Kuskanook,* and *Nasookin.* They could land or depart on a dew. In fact, there were so many coves and beaches of granulated sugar sand that one could stand, wave a white rag tied to a stick, receive an answering "toot-toot" from a steamer halfway across the two-mile wide lake and it would turn, run in, nose the shore, clang-clang a "reverse engines" to hold it steady, and toss a gangplank for the passenger.

My father's last real fling at prospecting was in the fall of 1889 in Grants Pass, Oregon. There, my mother presented him with the second of three hemophiliac sons, a successor to the previous year's fatality. The next year I was born in Nelson; the third son was born when I was three. He died a year later, leaving me the small, sickly, but durable female survivor. I once said to my mother, "Me's the only one what lasted."

They raised me to the tune of two more maxims which have become clichés, "Children should be seen and not heard," and children were in fact children until the legal age of twenty-one. The other, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was enforced frequently by my father's strap.

Our "vehicle" for the watery highway was a golden varnished sharp-bottomed rowboat, in which Father propelled my mother and me on weekends and summer holiday rides to our "shack"—two rooms five miles up the lake at Willow Point.

On summer evenings my father and I trolled for trout. He feathered the oars almost soundlessly to avoid scaring the fish feeding underneath patches of froth and debris.

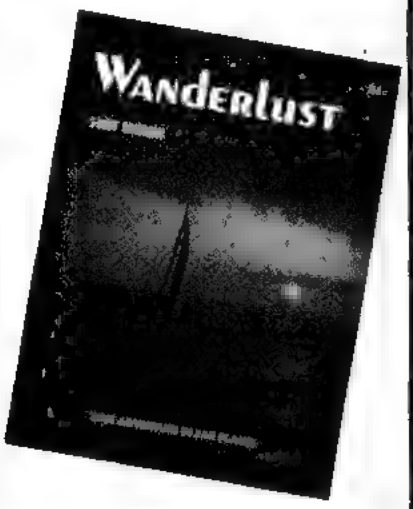
As darkness deepened we moved shoreward, nosed the boat against the boathouse, and lifted her into it by wooden rollers which even I could operate. Then with appetities well whetted for a late supper, we entered the kitchen where a black cast-iron range and cast-iron pan were awaiting our catch. My mother fried the fish in a neighbor's home-churned butter, which we also spread on whole-wheat bread to which she was enslaved for fifty years because of another of Father's maxims. "They throw the best of the grain into the hog-slop and I refuse to eat the sawdust leftovers they sell as white flour."

She had to fry a prospector's breakfast —dark brown boiled beans and bacon, and make "Daddy's Cake," a delicious light fruitcake for which I, as a child, had to cut many a "seeded" sticky raisin. Although delicious, we rarely touched Daddy's Cake, and he refused to eat our luscious layer-cakes drenched with fresh boiled icing, an art every young girl must aim for in her mother's kitchen.

"Your father is so hard to cook for!" Mother used to wail.

BY the fall of 1909, as I turned ten, Father prepared to activate another maxim: "I refuse to die in harness." This meant that the following spring, at the age of fifty-three, he would retire as a semi-gentleman. We would move to the "rawnch" as he laughingly called our rockslide at Willow Point, in contrast to ranches which could support their owners if they arose at daybreak as did our plebeian neighboring farmers. No horse or plow for Father! He would arise at seven, take an after-lunch nap and spend rainy days indoors with whatever reading matter he could get his hand on—as close a life as he could get to the ideal "English gentleman" who neither toiled nor spun. Many local English newcomers did actually sigh and say, "We are the first of our families to have to go to work."

On what would he retire? A small savings account, a down payment from the sale of our modest but "modern" home (electric lights, piped-in sink water, and a pull-chain overhead-tank basement toilet), $20.00 monthly house payments for over six years, plus what we could grow and the small flock of hens he de-



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creed that my mother should learn to raise. The house was sold quickly—possession date April 1, 1910. But what of a boat? Rowboats were for pleasure only. That's why *Dory* entered our lives.

No common or garden boat for him. Ours must be both beautiful and useful. So he ordered the unassembled parts of a genuine Cape Cod fishing dory to be shipped across the United States, and by Great Northern from Spokane to Nelson.

Winter soon held us in his usual icy grip. The lake froze solid, so that only tugs pushing steel-edged barges could navigate through mid-channel blocks of ice. And then it froze so deep that teams of heavy dray-horses hauled supplies across the lake to settlers on the other side. While the whole town was snowed in to its roof-edges, Father rented space in the Nelson Boat Works and spent every week end building his ship. He placed each part meticulously according to the diagram. He varnished the inside and painted the outside in gleaming white; and, using his sign-painting skill, lettered in gold and black her name *Dory*. She resembled half an eggshell, cut lengthwise. Next, he installed an Evinrude engine amidship, activated by a temperamental magneto, the forerunner of today's distributor and coil. By early spring, with the lake clear of ice, *Dory* slid down the ways, was water-tested, and pronounced leakproof and seaworthy.

Father's last, self-assigned task was to make her instantly convertible from an open-topped boat at the mercy of the weather, to one which could be enclosed in a heavy canvas top, thus able to thumb her nose at the squalls and rainstorms that sent all other family-duty craft scurrying for coves and boathouses. He hand-steamed, and bent to his bidding, wooden arcs of various circumferences on which he would stretch the heavy canvas top that would meet amidship and shelter us.

Preparing the canvas involved my mother's role to "obey" in near-silent resentment the heavy, messy job of dyeing and water-proofing in her washboiler (luckily black like the range on which it sat).

I can see them yet. For several days they wielded sturdy sticks, dipping lengths of extra heavy white canvas in and out of boiling dye to which they added alum and water-proofing chemicals. I don't remember how the canvas was fastened to the curved staves, but when the convertible top was up *Dory* resembled a two-toned egg, half brown-shelled and half white.

TO ME she was Queen of the Lake on her runs to and from Willow Point, outclassed only by the tugs, puffing smoke from pipes just like my father—each surely a "he." The CPR "liners" were she-giants.

Sitting inside Dory top up, we were tossed about on the white-caps—dry and warm but I was seasick from motion and fumes. Lady Luck must have guarded us against asphyxiation from monoxide.

When moving day arrived, our household effects were loaded aboard a barge, pushed by a tug, and we took up residence in our two-room shack which my father was converting to a revolutionary, new style of house, all one floor. It was to be a bungalow with a verandah, in contrast to the two-story, box-like farmhouses or occasional log houses of other settlers. We made a weekly trip to town for fresh meat and other supplies not available at the country store a mile away.

For the next seven years we ate well because we grew our own vegetables, fruit and poultry. We supplemented our small income by the sale of a few crates of strawberries and a few boxes of apples per year. Our simple, barely adequate clothing came from Eaton's and Simpson's catalogues, but I never had even one nickel of spending money, because minding babies for other people was absolutely taboo as "servants' work." It was better to starve in genteel fashion.

By early summer 1917, my mother said, "Your father has starved us off the ranch. He is going to look for work in Trail," referring to the war-swollen mining and smelting colossus of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, forty miles south and almost on top of the 49th parallel.

Father started immediately as an accountant and moved us there. At that point, *Dory* fades from my memory; no doubt she was sold to someone who r garded her merely as an old, secon hand boat. It would have seemed mo fitting to end as did a number of ster wheelers on the Kootenay, Arrow ar Okanagan Lakes—totalled out in a stor or a fire.

And now, although he was sixty, n father tackled the last of his mar trades—safety engineer and compens tion agent for that vast machine-oriente plant. Seemingly without effort, and wit no engineering training, he quickl learned every part of every machine, th safety or danger factors of all, and th routine of workmen's compensation pr cedures with the B. C. government an their doctors—a better paid, better mar aged system than that in Oregon.

I soon flew the coop to earn my ow way elsewhere and my parents live there alone until 1927, when Father re tired for good back to the ranch. A though he complied with my mother' demand that he install electricity, plumb ing and a bathroom with hot water, h cut all his fuel and looked after th place. When past eighty, he reroofe the house and not only stuccoed the out side, but tossed chipped, colored glas into the stucco for additional effect.

No boat had been needed since thei return because of a daily jitney servic to Nelson—a privately owned vehicl which carried passengers for pay, some thing like today's buses.

In November 1942, my mother died. I by then a widow with three young chil dren in Vancouver, wrote and aske Father to live with us. He replied in on sentence, "I'd rather be dead in Nelso than alive in Vancouver."

A year and a half later at eighty seven, he got his wish. I went there an saw him buried in the hilly, rockslid Nelson City Cemetery in a grave along side those of his wife and three littl hemophiliac sons.

He Sailed Through Denver in a Pea Green Boat!

(Continued from page 56)

cially to Eugene Field!

Good friends as ever, Londoner happily joined Field in settling a score with a railroad agent, Mr. Wickersham, whose assignment in the capital was to defeat a Pullman rate reduction bill pending in the Colorado legislature. Wickersham was thorough in his method, and lavish with annual passes and champagne as well as the ever-ready bribe. He kept busy making deals, alliances and so-called friendships among members of the legislature and the press. When all of his tried and true methods failed to bring Field and his powerful *Tribune* to the point of granting "privileges for mutual benefit," Wickersham swore he'd have his revenge on both the paper and its editor.

One afternoon, the more Wickersham quenched one thirst with "the amber milk of the Kentucky cow," the greater grew his other thirst for revenge. Eventually he made a winding trip to the *Tribune* office, only to find the desks empty as the staff was out to dinner. Considering their absence a personal in-

T. A. Mills and wife with their grandchildren at Willow Point, B.C., the summer of 1938.

ult he proceeded to destroy all copy or the next day's paper. He also scattered contents from the desk drawers nd files over the floor, and gave the vhole a dressing down with printer's nk.

Wickersham had barely retreated in ricious glee, when the staff returned. Only after Editor Field arrived and romised swift and fitting punishment id his employes recover from shock nough to set about getting the paper ut. Even then, they were not allowed to vork through the night in peace, for Wickersham—seeing lights from the vindows—returned.

As every man—editor, copy reader, all —worked on, Wickersham smashed at he windows and beat on the doors with staves from an old ash barrel he'd found nearby. When he had beat out his last stave and hurled his last invective he staggered away to his quarters in the St. James hotel.

AS SOON as the paper was readied, Editor Field fell to planning his promsed punishment. First, he sent for one 'Possum Jim," an elderly colored man and a fast friend. Field had always given him employment. Jim's business equipment consisted of an old wagon held together with wire and rope, and pulled by an aged horse whose harness also was mostly made up of rope and string.

While Field was finishing his business with Possum Jim, a police sergeant dropped by to survey the *Tribune's* damage. A short chat with Field gave him something to smile about broadly as he departed.

Next, Mr. Field with several of his staff members made the rounds of the "all night" spots. The editor soon had a nondescript collection of eager helpers who followed him to a friend's home, a Mr. Jones who just happened to live across from the St. James. Trying at least one of Mr. Wickersham's methods of persuasion, Field furnished plenty of the "wine of Kentucky."

Just as the first light of morning appeared, Field started across the street to the hotel. "Wait here," he told his friends. They did so, if rather impatiently. In a short while Field appeared with Wickersham who, happy because all was forgiven and Editor Field was finally won over, sang and yelled, shrieked and howled, and invited all to join in the street celebration. Such a hectic to-do just at daybreak brought angry sleepers to the windows, shouting above the din for quiet. Just then Possum Jim's stumbling old horse and rickety wagon passed by.

"What'll you rent your rig for?" Field called.

Jim played his part to perfection. "$2.50, I reckon."

Wickersham, anxious to be in the forefront, took over the arrangements and paid Jim. Meanwhile Field and his friends had quickly unhitched the horse, and before Wickersham was aware of what was going on, he found himself being harnessed or at least hopelessly entangled with rope and string between the shafts.

The incongruity of the stunt hit his fancy and he pawed and pranced, and snorted and whinnied to the howls and hoots of the crowd. Field, with a companion, flapped the reins and cracked the old whip as, accompanied by loud "gitty-ups" and "whoas," the street crowd helped the fine steed get going by pushing the rattle-trap wagon. Sleepy Denverites were thus treated to the early morning ride as the celebrants circled the block time and again.

At last Wickersham drew up in front of the St. James, and suddenly dis-

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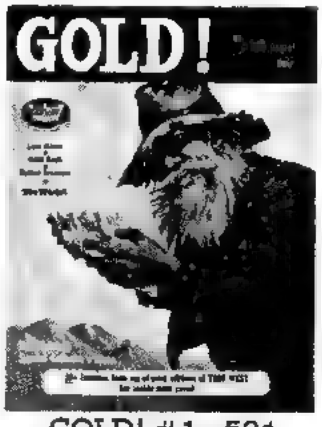
"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it everytime he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."
—Joseph Conrad



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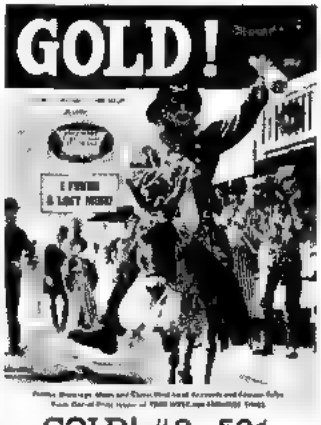

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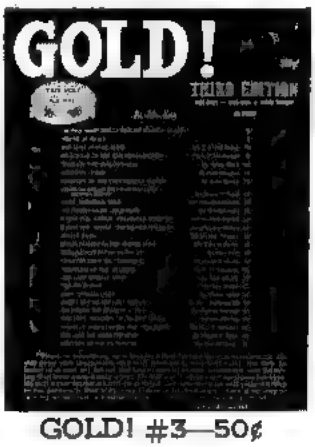

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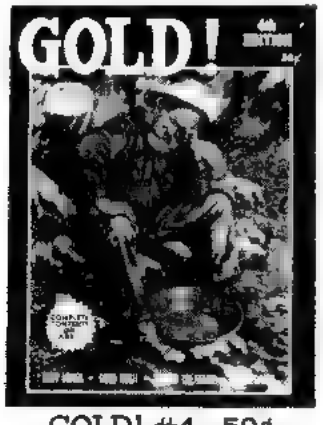

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covered Field and his companions had disappeared. A police sergeant with a squad of men stepped out into the street and took charge.

As Wickersham was being extracted from the harness he happily explained what had happened, but no explanation was acceptable for such behavior. He tried joshing and joking. He tried begging and bribing. All the tricks of his trade failing, he let himself be carried away. The next train out of Denver had a subdued and humiliated Wickersham as a passenger.

But Field and friends of the *Tribune* had not finished. The following day a $2.00 Pullman rate bill was introduced in the legislature by the chairman of the house committee on railroad affairs. No one had ever heard of so low a rate and Wickersham was rushed back to the capital armed with annual passes for all who would accept them. Champagne was furnished by the dray and greenbacks were plentiful, but no one paid the slightest attention to Wickersham's pleas. They had not forgotten the damaged *Tribune* office and the outrageous street behavior—before breakfast, too!

The paper *supported* the bill and ran daily accounts with "biting sarcasm and open accusations of bribery" in an apparent attempt to control the Colorado legislature. Only after the Pullman rate bill got "lost in senate committee" did Wickersham learn it was a sort of delayed April fool joke.

During his two years in Denver, Field's health worsened to the extent that he gave up his editorship for a desk with the Chicago *Morning News*. Many citizens felt that much of the friendliness and good fellowship of their growing city was taken from them when he departed. Perhaps both they and Field sensed they were nearing the close of a spectacular era.

Joel McCrea—The Real Article!

(Continued from page 27)

the Kraft Music Hall. Hart heard McCrea speak on this program of his great love for ranch life.

Bill Hart sent Joel a note: "Come out to my camp in Newhall. I want to talk to you."

When he arrived he said to Hart, "You don't remember me, do you? You don't remember when I was your paper boy."

"Well," replied the old actor, "now I know for sure you are what you seem to be—a good man. The dogs didn't bark when you delivered the paper and I knew that the dogs knew you were a good person."

While in Hollywood High Joel was drawing a man's wage as a teamster working on Hollywood Boulevard. Work for him was a matter of love, not necessity. His father, Thomas McCrea, was secretary and a director of the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company. "The family was moderately well off," Joel explains, "but I always wanted to work and own my own things. Being Scotch-Irish, my father was in favor of it." So from the time he was nine Joel managed to keep gainfully employed—first as a newsboy, then as a teamster, later as a movie-horse wrangler, and as double and stunt man.

Joel McCrea and Will Rogers in a scene from the 1932 Will Rogers Fox film, "Business and Pleasure." It was Rogers who helped Joel pick out his ranch in 1933.

WHEN he was fifteen he was riding through one of the canyons and came upon a company shooting a Ruth Roland serial. The leading man was protesting that he hadn't come all the way from New York to slide down a rope and ride away with Miss Roland.

Miss Roland smiled at Joel. "Would you like to make $2.50?" she asked. In a few moments he was doing the scene—vaulting onto a horse's back and rescuing the Serial Queen.

On another canter McCrea came upon a stalled roadster whose frantic driver had him ride to the nearest garage—miles away—for a can of gasoline. The driver explained that he was on the way to a studio for an interview with the hope that it was his big chance. "Wish me luck and, if I make good, look me up." He was Rudolph Valentino.

One day Joel's phone rang; it was Rudy. "William S. Hart is at the Iris Theatre tonight in 'Wagon Tracks' Would you go with me?"

Joel told me that word quickly got around in Hollywood when Valentino was in a theatre. "When we got outside that night, the street was so jammed with people that for blocks not a car or streetcar could move."

Joel continued his part-time wrangling and doubling all through high school and his four years at Pomona College. He doubled for Greta Garbo on a horse in "The Torrent" and for Marion Davies, in a buggy in "The Fair Coed." By this time he had decided on a movie career, preferably as a Western actor.

He studied dramatics at Pomona College, played leads in several school productions and became a campus celebrity when he got a bit role in a Garbo-Nils Asther silent film. He doesn't remember much about the picture except that he danced with Garbo in a ballroom scene and was paid sixteen dollars a day.

The late Sam Wood gave Joel his first big boost up the ladder. Joel had played opposite director Wood's daughter in his last college play. Wood gave him a note to Gloria Swanson who, in turn, sent him to see William LeBaron, production boss at RKO Studios. LeBaron signed him at $100 a week and put him opposite Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in "The Jazz Age." This bit of miscasting nearly ended Joel's career as an actor, and would have except for the late William Randolph Hearst.

The publisher had met Joel during the filming of the Marion Davies picture on the Pomona campus, had taken a liking to him, and had made him a frequent guest at San Simeon. Consequently, whenever one of McCrea's option periods approached, some member of the Hearst organization would call the studio to ask whether McCrea's contract was going to be dropped.

Hearst once sent L. B. Mayer a telegram which read:

"If I ran the newspaper business the way you run your studio I would soon be in the poor house. Your business will improve by renewing Joel McCrea's contract.—William Randolph Hearst."

The studio not only renewed his contract, it doubled his salary.

McCREA always speaks with great gratitude at the mention of the late Louis Wolheim, one of the stars of "What Price Glory?"

"He taught me more in ten weeks than I had learned in four years of college—for example, how to keep from looking and feeling self-conscious when you walk into a room. The trick is to seek out

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something in the room that you don't approve of, something you can look at critically. In other words, you deliberately transfer your thinking away from yourself and focus it elsewhere.

"He used to tell me how mentally lazy I was. 'You've got to think, not act,' he'd say. 'Your face is expressive enough. When you think, I can read your thoughts. So if you want to show you are mad, don't scowl; just think mad and you'll look mad.'"

Joel McCrea almost didn't hit it off the first time he played with Will Rogers. In the first day's shooting the dialogue was jerky, with long pauses between Rogers' speeches and McCrea's. The director finally called them aside and asked what was wrong. Joel bit his lip nervously.

"I don't mean any criticism of Mr. Rogers," he apologized, "but the fact is, he isn't giving me my cues." Joel waited tensely for Will to explode, but Rogers merely chuckled and led him to a neutral corner.

"Fact is, son," he confided, "I never do remember lines too good. I get the sense of them and trick 'em up a little bit, but if you're waiting for cue words this is goin' to be a long summer. Now, tell you what we'll do"—and he told him. The scenes thereafter flowed beautifully. What Rogers had proposed was that whenever he had finished talking he would dig Joel in the ribs.

Will Rogers always called him "Joe." For reasons Joel doesn't recall now Gary Cooper referred to him as "McPhee." Randolph Scott always called him "Joel-el" and his former employer for five years, Samuel Goldwyn, habitually said "Joe McCreal." Once an aide attempted to correct the producer, but he got nowhere. "Who put Joe McCreal under contract at $3,000 a week—you or me?" snapped Goldwyn.

Quite a few years ago an agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue threatened to disallow the operating expenses of McCrea's ranch. "On what basis?" Joel asked him. The agent hauled out the lawbooks and cited a court decision against a Kansas City dentist who had deducted the expenses of a farm although he lived at it less than two weeks a year and did none of the work himself.

"You're a little confused, mister," McCrea said calmly. "I live on my ranch forty weeks of the year. It's my only home. Santa Rosa is where I get my mail and where my boys went to school. I vote there and pay taxes. As for working, look at my hands! I didn't get these callouses from acting."

"You win," the agent replied.

Joel doesn't ask anyone to do anything he isn't willing to do himself. Digging post holes, shoveling manure, or branding cattle—no matter how dirty or difficult the job is he is right there. "You can learn a lot from the old-timers if you keep your ears open. Like how to get a cow to adopt another's calf. They won't do it, you know; they can tell by the smell that it isn't their calf. Well a neighbor of mine—she must have been ninety when she died—said the trick was to buy the cheapest and smelliest talcum

Joel McCrea

powder you could get and dust it over both calves. That way mama can't tell which is hers and which isn't. So she takes them both. Slick, huh? And it works! Yessir, it works!"

I know of no family more down to earth than the Joel McCreas. Joel, despite his wealth, is often on a horse or behind the wheel of a pickup. His favorite clothes are a faded pair of Levi's. Frances drives an old model station wagon. Peter, the youngest son, is content to peddle about on a bike. In northern California, David and his pretty wife are riding herd on the McCrea ranch. Jody, the eldest son, is a young actor destined some day to be a star.

Years ago Joel told me that when he bought clothes for his sons he went to big stores with modest prices. "I don't want my sons dressed any better than the other boys in school," he explained.

I would like to list some of the good deeds that McCrea has done for so many people but I won't because it would only embarrass him. All cowhands are notoriously modest, and Joel McCrea is first and foremost—a cowhand.

Twice Punished—Was it Deserved?

(Continued from page 31)

sell. Some years not even a potato was grown. That reward money—that $500 from Custer County—came out of tax money. And there was little enough of that to spread around, what with teacher's salary, sheriff and other local expenses.

"You can get some idea, then, what a whale of a reward $900 was. And it's plain to see, too, just how badly that county and its sheriff wanted to get their hands on Haunstine. It was a fortune, and sure to attract bounty hunters.

"EVEN with the news in print and the offered reward, however, it was hard for local people to believe. Particularly about Haunstine. Why, he had once boarded with the Roten family. They had been friendly enough at that time. So as far as anyone knew, there had never been the least trouble between any of them.

"It was learned that the teacher and his wife had gone to Arnold, all right. Gone there and left as soon as they changed teams. They drove down South Loup River to near Madison. He hired out to shuck corn, sold his team again and sent his wife on the train to Columbus [Nebraska] where she had relatives. Haunstine stayed in Madison and worked for a few days, long enough to raise some money, then started out for Columbus on the train planning to meet his wife there.

"By then the authorities were hot on his trail. They had found out he was on that train, and flagged it down just outside Columbus. They found him in the smoker, sitting alone with a rifle across his knees, but he gave up without firing a shot. I think he was glad it was the law and not a bounty hunter!

"The bounty hunter usually wasn't any better than the criminal he chased. He wasn't the law—or legalized really by the law. He was a hunter of men for gain. So if a man like Haunstine had a 'Dead or Alive' poster out on him, it wouldn't make any difference if he was guilty or not. He had to run scared for he was fair game for both the law and the coyote out after his hide for money.

"A man had a chance of staying alive, if he didn't try to shoot it out with the law. But his odds dropped way down if the hunter was after him. Dead—and identified—no questions asked. Haunstine, though it was true he was a prime suspect, was guilty the minute that reward notice was posted—and before he had a chance at a trial to prove anything one way or the other. I rather think that a man would be relieved that it was the law taking him in.

"Haunstine was tried in Broken Bow in March 1889, some six months after the murders. A fellow named H. M. Sullivan and a good friend of Haunstine was the new county attorney. The recent elections had replaced Charley Penn, too, by a young sheriff named Jones. Haunstine had campaigned for both men and both were his friends. It was a real dilemma. Sullivan felt he couldn't act as county prosecutor in good faith.

Judge Wall of Loup City, famous throughout the state as a lawyer and orator, was hired to act as public prosecutor along with two local attorneys. The defense was conducted by a law firm out of York and by C. L. Gutterson and A. R. Humphry of Broken Bow. The defense pled insanity.

"Haunstine was found guilty and sentenced to hang six months later in September 1889. The lawyers took the case to the Supreme Court, so of course the hanging was delayed until the Court could give a decision. The decision of the lower court was upheld but the September hanging date was long gone by then. It was a strange quirk of the Nebraska

constitution that each county was responsible for its own executions, so the new execution date was set for April 17, 1891.

"WHEN this news came back to Haunstine, he began acting very peculiar. Sheriff Jones was the first to notice. The two of them shared their meals—had, in fact, since Jones became sheriff. I've often wondered what Haunstine thought about during those long nights in jail. How ironic it must have been to know that many of the men now concerned with his trials were the very men he had helped get into office!

"The law read that if there was a question of sanity of a man under sentence of death, the district judge, if notified by the sheriff, should call a jury to make inquiry as to the sanity of the prisoner. With Haunstine acting so strangely, Sheriff Jones notified Judge Hamer. A sanity hearing was immediately called but it wasn't going to be easy! Twelve impartial men had to be found to serve on that jury—and feelings were so strong against Haunstine by then that the job was a tough one. There were witnesses, too, for the defense—witnesses who would testify that they felt Haunstine was not sane. The state supplied the medical men. One was from the state penitentiary, another was the superintendent of the insane asylum at Lincoln, and there were several local doctors.

"During that hearing and through all the testimony the sound of the workmen's hammers could be heard building the gallows just outside the south door of the courthouse.

"The doctors pronounced the prisoner sane. All, that is but one—the superintendent of the insane asylum. He said no one could possibly judge a thing like that in three days. Yes, that hearing took just three days and the jury voted him sane and guilty. They were traveling mighty close to the wire, for the hanging date was the following day.

"Meanwhile, something occurred which gave the whole business another strange twist. Someone—I never found out who it was—notified Governor Boyd that a sanity hearing was in progress. He, no doubt thinking the prisoner would need additional time for a fair trial, sent a reprieve of thirty days. The message was received by Sheriff Jones and must have arrived either during that hearing or on the actual date of the execution. On April 17 the governor did not know that the hearing was over, a verdict reached, and the prisoner was practically upon the gallows.

"That reprieve meant that legally Haunstine could not be hanged until May 17, thirty days later. The situation was touchy, and no one knew it any better than the men in authority.

"The people, not having been informed of the latest development, began filling the town of Broken Bow on April 17. Families from every little sod house for miles—men, women and children—gathered. Soon the rumor began to spread that Haunstine would not hang that day.

"THE muttering, the anger, could be heard inside the courthouse. Those people had supported a murderer for two and a half long years. They were frustrated and mad.

"Sheriff Jones, Judge Wall, and a half dozen county officials came out on the courthouse steps. They began to try to make clear what had happened. The people listened to all speeches, all the explanations, but you could tell they weren't going to accept it, for there was an ominous sound—the cry of a mob.

"In the midst of the throng stood a goodlooking woman about twenty-six years old—the widow of Roten. Every eye was on her as she stood motionless with the leaders of the mob circling round her. Newspapers later described her as a 'Queen with members of the lynch mob paying her court.' The local authorities knew that if she gave a sign or a word, nothing they could do would prevent a lynching. Several of them appealed to her to help them stop this thing. She replied that she could not, would not—and gestured toward her fatherless children as if to present her reasons.

"Judge Hamer vowed that the prisoner would not be removed from the jail or taken elsewhere. Finally he was able to get a promise from Mrs. Roten that she would not further incite the mob.

"The men began to break away and drifted slowly toward their horses, but within minutes had reformed and were being led by relatives and friends of the murdered men. Armed with crow bars and a sledge hammer, they surged into the courthouse and demanded the keys to the jail cell where Haunstine was kept. The sheriff refused and a scuffle broke out. He would have been overpowered it it hadn't been for big Judge Wall. The judge threw his great hulk into the doorway, and with his powerful strength held back that lynch gang long enough for reinforcements and reason to take over. The crowd was again exhorted with threats, promises and pleadings. Finally the sworn promise that vengeance with a hanging—by the law, and within one month—had its effect. Quietly the crowd dispersed and went home."

My father must have noticed the look on my face for he paused, pointed a finger at me and said, "People in those days were no better—no worse—than people are today. We didn't have much in the way of law. Life was raw, hard, and cruel. Lawlessness was harder on the women than on the men. It has always been so. Maybe because they can't fight back like a man. These women had a thief, a murderer, living among them—and they had trusted him to teach their kids. So, when that day in May arrived for the hanging, those women came to see it. And they brought the children with them.

"THAT day is one I'll never forget! When I close my eyes I can see it as plain as I can see you there. I figured it as a picnic. My mother and sister packed a basket of food. Dad and my brothers hitched the team and made ready for the trip. I got underfoot mostly, asking questions and pestering till I was ordered to be quiet.

"I remember the crowds when we arrived. Neighbors and friends were there—but the town was full of strangers too. Reporters were there from Eastern newspapers, from our own local *Republican* and from other towns in Nebraska.

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"The scaffold had been built directly in front of the south door of the courthouse. There was a high screen of boards extending from the courthouse, enclosing and almost completely obscuring the scaffold. No one actually ever knew why that screen was put up.

"The crowd assumed it was to keep them from witnessing the very thing they had come to see. I, myself, have a hunch that it was for a double purpose. The men whose duty it was to hang a personal friend might very well have built that board screen to give Haunstine a chance to die without having to face his accusers. Who knows—maybe it was to protect the people too, so they wouldn't have to watch a man hang!

"About 12:30, Eli Roten, brother of the murdered man, tossed a chip of wood over the screen. Some fifty men rushed toward the enclosure and shoved the guards aside. With a crash the whole fence came smashing to the ground, leaving the scaffold in plain view. Sheriff Jones strode out of the courthouse, mounted the scaffold, and angrily announced that the law—and only the law—would do the hanging that day. He had spunk, for I wouldn't have liked to face down such a crowd. He told them that he was prepared to wait until they gave him a solemn oath there would be no interference. Reluctantly they agreed, and Jones entered the courthouse to bring out the prisoner.

"Haunstine, with a priest named Father Brady, and Jones stepped out into the hot sun, walked to the scaffold and mounted the thirteen steps. The doomed man was asked if he had any last words before his execution. He stood there looking down at his former friends and neighbors. His eyes sought and found many former pupils. A strange sort of hush came over the people as he began to speak. In a full steady voice, without a tremor, he said:

"'It all started with such a little thing. One small theft made it easy to commit another. These have led me to the crime for which I have to pay today!' Then he asked those he 'had wronged' to forgive him, and even apologized for the expense and trouble he had cost the people of the county. When he stopped speaking, there was an uncomfortable silence as he stood looking down at the upturned faces.

"Sheriff Jones began to knot the rope around Haunstine's neck—though his hands trembled and shook. Suddenly his arms dropped to his side. He couldn't go on! For a few seconds nothing happened as the crowd stood stunned and motionless. Suddenly, old Charley Penn, their ex-sheriff—wise and hard from long years in a tough game—stepped up and knotted the rope.

"Haunstine dropped like a rock, but the broken end of a rope snapped skyward! There was a strange cry from the crowd and Haunstine struggled out from under the scaffold. I could hear people at the back shuffling around. It seems to me that the hand of Roten reached out from the grave that day. No one could say how—nor was anyone ever charged with—the deep cut in that neck-stretching rope. But Eli Roten had been heard to say, 'Since Haunstine killed two men, he should be hung twice!' And that's just what happened.

"Sheriff Penn helped Haunstine up on the scaffold. In fact he almost hustled him up there. The old noose was removed. Penn made a new knot with its thirteen loops and put it over Haunstine's head. Again the trapdoor was sprung, and again Haunstine dropped. A few minutes later he was declared legally dead by the local doctor. Later that night Haunstine's brother claimed the body and it is buried in an unknown grave.

"I remember the grip of my mother's hand, and that I squirmed when she tried to turn me away from the sight. I had come to see a hanging—and so I did."

Lost River Mountains Mine

(Continued from page 54)

morning was a coroner's jury assembled. From ground evidence it was decided that for some reason Coffins, still in a drunken stupor, had fooled around with the big cans of powder. Apparently he had packed them close to the bed of coals and chucked up the fire.

He had opened one can; its cut-off lid was found. Maybe a spark from the fire or an ember from his pipe fell into the open can. In any event the first explosion detonated the other containers, demolishing him and that part of the camp area.

What remained of Coffins' pouch of gold was found in his trousers which had been torn from his body. It was appropriated by the authorities for burial costs despite the fact that Jerome offered to assume this expense himself.

COFFINS' property was sold at public auction. Jerome bid on the burros and what was left of the supplies. When questioned cursorily, Jerome could offer little about Coffins' past. Prospectors seldom spoke of their personal history even to their closest friends.

Jerome feared he might come under suspicion of having had something to do with the explosion, but the officers asked little more than if he knew where Coffins came from and the whereabouts of any relatives. Jerome did not.

"He never mentioned kinfolks anywhere. I don't know any more about him than the people here in Mackay."

Nobody knew that Jerome had a pouch of Coffins' gold, but of course he had been seen drinking with him in various saloons. Some of the hangers-on suspected that he had picked up some information about the dead prospector's strike, for Coffins had been deep in his cups and had undoubtedly talked about his good fortune.

The next day Jerome was approached by three hardcases. After talking briefly they asked pointedly if he was going to look for Coffins' gold strike.

"I am just here in town for a supply of grub," Jerome replied casually. "I'm going back to my own diggin's. Just happened to run into Coffins, and I don't know much about his mine. Got no idea where he was getting his dust."

For the time being that seemed to satisfy their curiosity, but the question had been put to him in a barroom full of wide open ears. From past experience Jerome knew that he would be watched by men who were certain he would streak out of Mackay for the rich strike Coffins had certainly made. Many a wild stampede had occurred on far less information.

Packing up the following sunrise, Jerome took the trail north up the valley instead of crossing the river directly into the mountains. Traveling unhurriedly he kept careful watch over his back trail, but during the first day he discovered no evidence of being tailed.

Making night camp early, Jerome debated crossing the river directly into the mountain range, but decided against it. It might be he had a very clever bunch tracking him down. The second day passed as the first, with no one showing on his back trail. The following morning he cut across the river with the laden burros.

On reaching the mountain foothills Jerome turned south just inside them as cover against any watching eyes. This necessitated a wandering course. It took him four days to get down to the point where he dared cut into the mountains (but not over the regular trail through Pass Creek to the great scenic gorge). He took another route which followed a shallow creek. For three days he plodded gradually toward Pass Creek on the north side until a diamond-pointed peak showed on the sky line from only one place.

From there he rounded higher elevations until he was able to view the peak without the obstruction of other heights in between. The rugged terrain was difficult to negotiate. Yet following Coffins' instructions he came finally onto a creek running four feet wide and slightly more than a foot deep. Jerome was elated to recognize one landmark which the old prospector had described in detail. It was from there he must follow on to the real one. He continued to where it tumbled out of a vertical-sided canyon almost under the diamond peak.

Two hours by sundown, which came early in the mountain canyons, Jerome pulled off and unloaded the burros. No sooner was the cooking fire going than five men on foot charged out of hiding in the rocks downstream. They fired at random but since they didn't come close to hitting him, Jerome guessed they were trying to force him into forting up. In that they succeeded. He dived behind a pile of rocks.

Moving his rifle out, Jerome began blasting away. At least two of the attackers were wounded when they scurried back into the timber close by.

Soon a harsh voice hailed him. "Mister, you're in bad trouble unless you deal with us. You're headed for old Coffins' gold and we got the same right as you to get in on the strike. You gonna make a deal?"

"What are you talking about?" Jerome shouted back. "I'm going to my own diggings, and they ain't nowhere near his as far as I know or care. What I'm after

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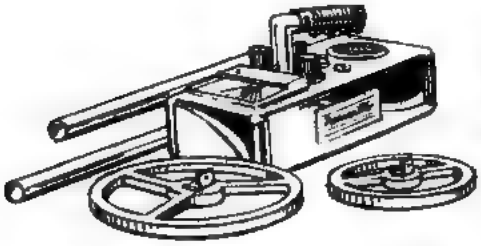

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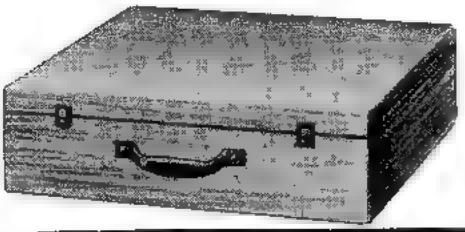

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ne toppled over, screaming as he died.

second, suffering a serious wound, wheeled around to run back for cover crying, "I've been killed!" Another scratched gravel in his haste to retreat.

Jerome's stock was over in a small cove above the camp. Darkness covered most of it at the moment but the stars were coming out and a quarter moon would soon appear. Jerome seized the opportunity to repack the five burros, listening all the while for the launching of another attack. Before finishing he heard the rattle of gravel and a man cursing. Retreating downstream, Jerome listened for more sounds, deducing that some of them had ventured in to drag out the body of the dead man.

BADLY HIT as they were, the hardcases could hardly do more than leave the mountains and get the wounded attended to; their bothering with the dead man at all convinced Jerome that at least that particular member of the bunch was wanted somewhere by the law. Probably all of them were, and identification of the dead one would lead to the others.

For a half hour utter silence reigned over the scene. Finally it was broken by the same strident voice hailing him, "Lookit, let's make a deal. You're never going to come out of these mountains alive otherwise because we can come back with enough help to finish you. You better cut us in and live!"

"I told you that I'm going after what is mine and nobody else's. Quit molesting me and take off or you're the ones in trouble!"

Further threats were made to which Jerome paid no attention. He waited an hour or so and when no other attack was mounted, he concluded they had given up and departed.

Jerome moved on up the canyon to a better place to protect himself and the next morning went forth with the full expectation of easily coming onto Coffins' diggings. But the canyon ended and it wasn't there. Surprised, he came out and began searching along the base of the diamond peak, soon finding another stream of almost identical description. Along it he finally found Coffin's old campsite and the crude rocker a little upstream.

Jerome had a little time, he thought, before the hardcases could return, if indeed they did. After camp was established he panned gravel from the stream bed, and was astonished at the find. All along he had thought that Coffins had been exaggerating considerable. Most prospectors did. But this time it had not been the case. Jerome was amazed at the richness of the gravel.

By the time he had recovered an estimated $150,000 in gold, low clouds scurried across the mountains. Coffins had told him that snow came early in the Lost River Range where several peaks reached an elevation of almost 12,000 feet.

When he was down to a handful of coffee and a pound of salt, Jerome decided to lay over one more day to kill a deer for food. He had worked so hard every waking hour, that there had been no time to replenish his food supply with game. But that one day's delay almost proved fatal.

During the morning while hunting he discovered that the deer were moving to lower elevations. It was noon before he managed to bring down a big fat buck. Taking the quarters and loin only, he returned to camp. The meat would see him down to the lowland where—anyplace except Mackay—he would replenish his grub supply.

That afternoon he put the gold in small sacks for better distribution on the burros. It wasn't much in volume but its weight meant a considerable difference in packing out. The cold nights always sent him into his bed-roll early but he kept a fire going until nearly midnight.

At dawn he got up, cooked a bit of venison, and prepared to move out. The gold was loaded in the burros' panniers, with the deer meat over them. It was while saddling his horse—the sun still below the crest of mountains—that a noise up in the canyon alarmed him. Then a couple of rifle bullets whined close over his head.

In the silence which followed, a familiar and rasping voice yelled, "We got you now, you s-o-b! Stand back up against that cliff wall! We're coming in."

JEROME'S camp was near the canyon mouth, below the placering ground. Evidently the men tracking him, he never knew how many, had gone past his camp after the fire had died, and hadn't spotted him. Jerome fell away from his horse into a pile of fallen rock. He had his rifle and threw a couple of shots toward the sound of the voice to hold them in check. His fire was immediately returned—a perfect fusillade. The burros had moved downstream along the creek with the first shot, and his saddled horse had taken off after them.

"You give up or do we come in after you?"

"Come running!" Jerome yelled back. And down they came, breaking from brush piles and piles of rock on both sides of the creek.

Jerome thought he was a goner, but when the first men drew close he dropped two in their tracks and sent at least a couple dodging away in retreat. That brought the attack to a sudden halt. No further orders were yelled at him.

Waiting impatiently as the morning grew long, Jerome heard distant movements in the canyon. They were up to something but he couldn't figure out what it might be. Nearly an hour elapsed

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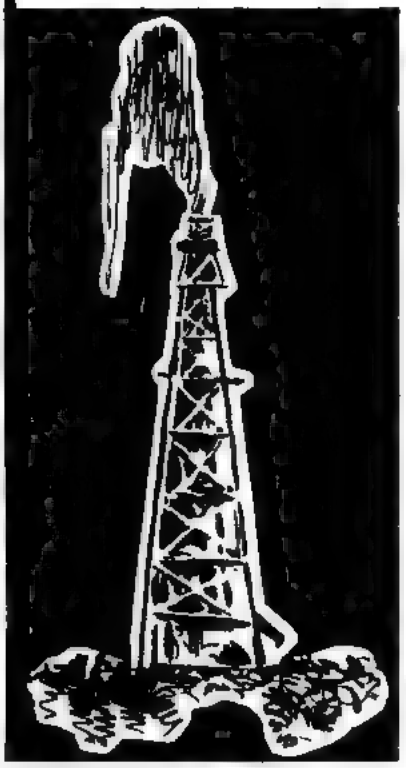

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before he was hailed again, the voice coming from hiding several hundred yards upstream.

"This is your last chance to leave here with your life. You surrendering?"

"Go to hell!"

"Then you done asked for it," came the savage reply.

Jerome started crawling out of the rocks toward the nearest timber, intent on escaping. Several very close bullets forced him to hug the ground, whereupon he discovered a shallow water runway. Jerome kept scrounging along. Once he reached the brush he started running.

He had hardly gone ten feet when he was knocked down by a terrible concussion. The air was filled with rock dust from succeeding explosions. Jerome made a break for the canyon mouth, and reaching it turned to look back briefly. To his astonishment the northwest side of the high canyon wall had been blown off. A great mass of rocks covered his camp, reaching to where the placer ground had been. Rock had engulfed not only the shallow creek but much of the timber alongside it. If his trackers had set out to destroy him, they had grievously miscalculated. They hadn't needed that much dynamite to scare him out.

Jerome, running on, found the burros and his horse. Jumping into the saddle he started out of the Lost River Mountains in a great big hurry. If any of his assailants escaped they would surely be waiting for him in Mackay, so he headed for Idaho Falls.

Jerome didn't risk arousing curiosity about his gold by selling it in Idaho. Some three weeks later he arrived by train in Denver, Colorado, disposing of the glittering metal to the U. S. Mint.

After wandering around a few years James L. Jerome returned to Idaho. The Snake River Valley still had an intense interest for him so he settled east of Pocatello near the Indian reservation lands. There he married (for the second time it seems), raised a family of three children, and died in 1938. He never returned to Coffins' rich placer, but he did draw maps and give other prospectors pertinent information. However none of them ever returned to tell him whether or not the explosion set off by the hardcases covered the gold-bearing gravel beyond recovery.

The Battles of Wichita Village and Crooked Creek

(Continued from page 17)

Hills. Wagons were placed under guard and provisions were transferred to pack animals. After waiting for the water to go down, they crossed and moved on north, then crossed the Cimarron near the present state line of Kansas. A small band of Comanches who were out hunting was surprised; a running fight took place in which the soldiers killed one Comanche.

Van Dorn's forces then moved up a tributary of the Cimarron probably following Cavalry Creek (in present Comanche and Clark Counties of Kansas). Here they came on some extensive old camping grounds of Comanches and Kiowas, abandoned about two weeks according to the Indian scouts. There were indications that some two thousand Indians had been living there, with villages scattered along the creek for miles. It was believed that these were the camps that the Comanche boy had mentioned. Then they came on a fresh trail.

The next day they rested and grazed their horses under guard, expecting that some Indians might show up. One detachment grazed its horses but kept them saddled, ready for use. The skies were dark, threatening rain. In the afternoon, three Comanche Indians appeared on a bluff, creeping up on the horse herd, evidently bent on a stampede. The horse herd guard was under command of Lieutenant William B. Royall, officer of the day, who sounded the alarm. Dutifully the horses galloped into the area of the soldiers, as they had been trained to do, while Lieutenant Royall gave chase to the Indians. Major Van Dorn had "Boots and Saddles" sounded. As Royall went after the Indians, the Indians reached their horses, mounted, and fled. Then Royall saw a large herd of Indian horses and surmised that he and the men who followed him might be near an Indian village and about to plunge into an ambush. He halted and sent a messenger back to Van Dorn, ap-

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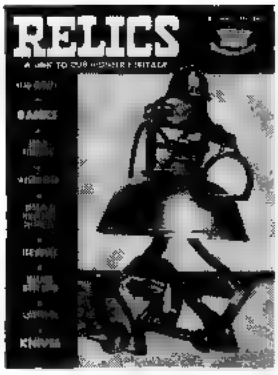

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prising him of the situation, asking help and telling him that he would try to stampede the Indian horses.

Van Dorn advanced a mile or two, only to find that Royall had reached the three Indians and that they were fighting it out along the steep banks of a stream, with arrows being shot from the brush. Quickly the undergrowth was swept with gunfire and the Indians were killed. Van Dorn then had his troops move up each side of the valley, with two troops dismounted, every fourth man holding the horses, while the rest formed a line to sweep against the enemy. The Indian village was surprised and quickly attacked. Fighting was brisk but lasted only a short time for the Indians fled.

Major Van Dorn reported to General David Twiggs: "The Comanches fought without asking or giving quarter until there was not one left to bend a bow, and would have won the admiration of every brave soldier but for the intrusive reflection that they were murderers of the wives and children of our frontiersmen."

The enemy probably numbered about two hundred, perhaps one village of the larger group believed to have been at the campground they had found earlier. Forty-nine Comanches were killed and thirty-six were taken prisoner (six men, thirty women and children); although orders had been given to take no prisoners, the presence of women and children changed the instructions.

CAPTAIN EDMUND KIRBY SMITH was wounded in the thigh, a ball barely missing the femoral artery. Others wounded were Lieutenants James E. Harrison, Fitzhugh Lee, and Manning M. Kimmel. Lieutenant Lee captured some women and children and was bringing them in when he was shot by an Indian hiding behind a log in the creek. Lee quickly turned his pistol on the Indian and shot him between the eyes, killing him instantly. The arrow in Lee's chest passed through his right lung and stuck out beneath his shoulder in the back. He managed to lean back against a tree. Lieutenant Cosby pulled the arrow shaft out and helped him to lie down, aided by a young trumpeter. No blood came from the wound but blood gushed from his mouth. Whether the iron head of the arrow was inside his body or had passed out was not known. Near him were a number of bloody arrows, some with heads. The surgeons feared the wound might be fatal. Salt water was put in his mouth and shortly the blood stopped flowing.

Lee, believing death was near, dictated a message to his parents. Lieutenant Kimmel, an old West Point friend, came up to offer sympathy, and showed his own hat with a hole in it. Lee gasped: "Kimmel, so you want me to believe that an Indian shot that hole. . .? Now, old man . . . didn't you go behind a tree and shoot that hole yourself?"

The young trumpeter holding Lee's head said to Kimmel who was showing much concern, "You need have no fear—he will get well." And he did. The trumpeter became devoted to Lee and later became an officer—Brigadier General Edward M. Hayes.

One soldier was killed in the battle—Private Willis Burroughs. His horse gave out. He dismounted and fought nobly but was shot. One badly wounded man, Sergeant W. P. Leverett, died later. The doctors, Surgeons James Simon and W. H. Babcock, did all they could for the wounded and also took care of several unfortunate Indians. One squaw had a rifle ball in the thigh. She was given an anesthetic before the ball was taken out. Amazed at suffering no pain, she told the other captives about the marvelous power of the great white medicine man.

Although fearing another attack, the forces had to wait several days before the injured could be moved. Litters (lodge poles covered with buffalo robes) were made. Each was suspended from the pack-saddle of a mule in front of the litter and the pack-saddle of a mule behind the litter. Lee was a jolly invalid, even insisting on having his mules changed. He said that one old grey mule did not like him and flopped his long ears in his face. Lieutenant Kimmel obligingly changed mules. It was about two hundred miles back to camp.

Van Dorn divided his forces in two, taking one by a route to search for Indians, but finding none. Captain Smith took the other division with the wounded and the prisoners, retracing the trail out, to pick up the guard and wagons left at the South Canadian. Both reached Camp Radziminski about the same time. An escort was sent to San Antonio with the prisoners to turn them in at headquarters.

The campaign was ended; provisions were gone and the officers were too burdened with wounded and prisoners to plan on any more campaigning. However, the pursuit had served the purpose of punishing the Comanches for their depredations and by following them into their camps beyond the borders of Texas, they had shaken the Indians' confidence in the safety of hit and run raids.

This battle at first called the Battle of the Nescatunga occurred in present Ford County, Kansas, on Crooked Creek, about eighteen miles south of old Fort Atkinson.

The Indians who were attacked by Van Dorn in the Battle of Crooked Creek were a part of a larger group which had camped in that vicinity for some time. They belonged to the Penatethkas, probably the same ones who had been defeated in the Battle of the Wichita Village in October 1858; the more northern Kotsotethkas (Buffalo Eaters Band); perhaps some Kwahadis (Antelope Wanderers Band); and almost certainly some Kiowas and Kiowa-Apaches.

The friendly Indians also lost some warriors. Van Dorn forbade them to take part in the fight but they insisted on doing so, wrapping white cloths about their heads to distinguish themselves from the hostiles. Jack Harry and Shawnee Jim said they would be dishonored if they did not fight. Several were wounded and four died (two killed in the fight, and two wounded who died

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later).

When Van Dorn reached Camp Radziminski, he was instructed to return to San Antonio. Captain E. Kirby Smith took command of the camp, which was abandoned in the fall of 1859. It was never again used for military purposes but troop detachments camped there, as did a number of trappers and hunters in later times. In 1860 the site was used by Texas Rangers patrolling the frontier, still keeping watch over the Comanches.

In the spring of 1859, strife occurred in Texas, particularly around the Brazos Reservation, the reserve which had furnished the Indian allies for Van Dorn. At the same time that Van Dorn was moving up toward the Cimarron and Crooked Creek area, a war between the white settlers and the Indians on the two Texas reservations was in the making. The continued presence of the Indians as an enclave among the rapidly growing settlements was no longer tolerable. At the end of the summer the Indians were removed to the Wichita Reservation near the Washita River in Indian Territory. Fort Cobb was established on October 1, 1859, under Major W. H. Emory, to protect the area. There was no longer need for Camp Radziminski.

Van Dorn's campaign from September 1858 to May 1859, with two sharp battles and numerous patrols, did not put an end to raids of the Comanches, Kiowas and their allies into Texas, although it probably increased their raids into Old Mexico and New Mexico. Still the campaign weakened the security of the Indians, who had formerly felt safe once they had crossed Red River. It showed them that the United States troops could and would search them out, even far north of the sites of their depredations, and punish them.

Their attacks resumed in the spring, continued through the summer and into the fall of 1860, reaching such proportions that several expeditions of Texas Rangers, a mixed group of Texas Rangers and Second Cavalry, and various militia expeditions were organized to hunt them.

Late in the summer of 1860, Colonel Middleton T. Johnson's Texas Rangers marched north from old Camp Radziminski accompanied by Tonkawas, Caddos and Wichitas. They had been recruited from the Wichita Reserve—former Reserve Indians from the old Texas Brazos Reservation but not including the Penatethka Comanches from the old Texas Comanche Reservation on the Clear Fork. Some Kiowas and Comanches near the headwaters of the Canadian in the present panhandle of Oklahoma tried to stampede and steal their horses and pretty well succeeded in doing so. Tabananica (Hears the Sunrise), Chief of the Yamparicas (Root Diggers Band), and Isahabbit (Wolf Lying Down) led the Comanches. In the skirmish with the Rangers the Comanches later stated that some of their people had been killed, some of them women and children. Chief Bird Appearing of the Kiowas was killed by one of the Caddos which led to later trouble between the two tribes.

The Tonkawas, according to the Comanches, "partook of some portions" of the slain Comanches and increased the bad feeling of the Comanches against the Tonkawas with reprisals upon them at the Wichita Agency during the Civil War in which many of the Tonkawas were killed, the remainder fleeing back to Texas to serve with the Confederates.

For a time, at least, the United States Army, notably the Second Cavalry, took an active, even spirited, part in trying to repel the Indians of the South Plains with the expedition of 1858-59 led by the dashing and adventurous Van Dorn. It was apparent, even when Captain Edmund Kirby Smith brought the last of the Second Cavalry serving in Van Dorn's Washita Campaign back to Camp Cooper, that nothing short of extermination or forced settlement on lands set aside for them—being forced to stay on reservations under the eye of the military—would stop the Indians' resistance to white penetration, passage across, and settlement on the plains. Only then would their incursions into Texas, New Mexico and Mexico, and their increasing conflict and marauding in Kansas Territory (later Kansas and Colorado) be ended.

The Washita Campaign was one of a series of military campaigns waged against these warlike, war-loving Indians of the South Plains. It would take even greater military efforts—which were to come after the Civil War—to control them, efforts aided by the extinction of the buffalo and the confiscation and destruction of their horses.

Starvin' Out in Quemado

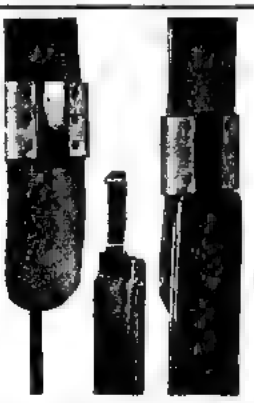
(Continued from page 33)

would look back at me; I would pull him to a trot and let him breathe, and then he would take out again without my urging him. I'd unsaddle and let him graze; and many times I've deprived myself of food to buy some food for him. If we had $20 we spent $5 for groceries and the rest for horse feed. There was not another horse in the country that could be classed with Brownwood. But he was a bit reckless. It was brush country and he ran over the little ones and under the big ones. We roped mavericks for beef, but nearly all were too old and tough to be edible. And we trapped coyotes. Skins were worth $3 to $8. We caught a few badgers, worth $2.50 to $6, and we managed to eat during the winter.

We supplemented our meager supply of beef with venison. It is illegal to hunt deer out of season but we were not pestered much by game wardens.

THOUGH Reuben was my uncle, he was only a year or two older than I and had always accepted my lead. So had Bud. Each knew that he could not make it alone, and that I could. Reuben was born when Grandmother and Grandfather Wright were up in years, and he was spoiled. When he came to me he had everything to learn, but he learned. I saw to that. He had a mild temper and was slow of motion.

(Continued on page 70)



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(Continued from page 67)

We had to carry water from a well. The wash basin had to be scrubbed with ashes because the boys would leave hard soapy water in it. That meant that the next user had to scrub it. I established a regular routine. When I found the basin dirty I cussed them out. Finally things got unendurable. The basin was kept on a bench under a window, beside the water bucket. One day in winter I came in and found it full of dirty water. I picked it up and threw pan and all through the glass into the snow. It was Reuben who had left it unemptied and unscrubbed. I said, "If you want to live like a pig you can root like a pig, and you can do it outside."

He got up, retrieved the basin, cleaned it, and brought it in. That stopped the wash basin problem. Before he married he became a worse crank about dirt than I am.

In that cold country in the winter one's face will blister after it is shaved. When we had a little money I would get a bottle of shaving lotion for protection. Reuben was such an old maid that he would get out of bed and groom himself. With everything to be done outside he would warm water, wash his feet and put my shaving lotion on them. He did this every night; and in addition, he washed his socks and hung them by the fireplace. The next morning he shaved again, and again he used the lotion, provided there was any.

He could shoot equal to any of the gunmen of the Old West. He was a fast draw; he was gun crazy. When he didn't even have money to eat, Reuben would buy ammunition. He found a pearl handled .38 double action Colt. He practiced till he could draw and shoot quicker than you could see. He was better than most with a rifle, too. He could stand thirty paces and empty it into an aspen trunk and those holes would be lined up, one over the other, in a tree an inch in diameter.

All the light we had for some time was from the fireplace. Then we made use of beef tallow. We'd suspend a string in a glass and pour the melted beef fat into it. It didn't afford much light but we could see to play poker for beans. We'd count out a hundred each. Reuben didn't care for cards but preferred reading or goofing around with his feet.

When he married he gave me that pistol; I suppose he thought he wouldn't be needing it—he sure was an optimist. But evidently he kept up his practice, for he is still a remarkable shot. (At Fort Defiance that I left that pistol in my bedroll and threw it and my saddle into the back end of a pickup. And I found later that the pistol and my spurs had disappeared.)

REUBEN had a beautiful voice, and much natural ability in music. We both played the guitar and sang, and occasionally we picked up a dollar or two playing for a country dance. Even if they couldn't pay us we got a good supper, and sometimes breakfast, too, for people went long distances and stayed all night.

One night a tenderfoot came to me while I was playing and began asking questions. I answered as well as I could. He became very friendly and asked if he might come home with me. Since it was unheard of to refuse hospitality to anybody, there was nothing to do but take him. He had a gentle horse but could not ride out of a walk, so it took us a long time to get back to the ranch. Fortunately we had plenty of food at the time. And fortunately, too, he liked it, though he had never tasted *frijoles* before.

We had no idea how long he intended staying, but one couldn't ask a guest's intentions. After about a week he said, "I'm getting $60 a month from home and can't manage on it. If you'll help me locate a section of land around here and let me stay here this winter I'll give you $30 a month for board and room."

Thirty dollars a month! One more to feed didn't mean anything and $30 was riches. Three was the capacity of the one bed, but he had a bedroll. We took his money and lived high off the hog. And we sold him Naco, a horse I had roped out of the wild bunch. Tommie—that was his name—changed the horse's name to Turquoise because he was a blue roan with a white face and legs. And he paid us another $30 for that horse!

I was ramrodding the outfit, rustling the meat, and handling the money. Now we could buy coffee, sugar, and flour. I also bought a jar of pickles—a great delicacy. I doled them out for I didn't know when we could ever buy another jar.

I put one on each pie pan that served as a plate. Then Reuben pretended to hear a commotion outside, and when things quieted down, Tommie's pickle was gone. This was the first time he'd ever had the food stolen right out from under him. After that he would spit on his pickle, biscuit, and beans. And he'd say, "Now you s.o.b., go ahead and steal them." It surely is amazing how adversity educates a person.

There came a big snow, forty-two inches on the level. And it fell in twenty-four hours. We didn't have much food, and in a week we had none. While this snow was fresh and soft it was not too bad, but when it thawed enough to freeze at night and form a crust, a horse couldn't get through it. After three days it was impossible to go anywhere.

We'd got down to grease. The snow would not melt. In thirty days it didn't thaw enough to settle two inches. Some of the people took the beds off the wagons and made sled runners of poles, but we had no wagon. The nearest place food could be bought was Old Man Moore's house and post office. Paul Gaynor and his wife had put in a little stock of groceries there.

I thought there was a chance—though maybe a slim one—that Gaynor had some food on hand. I decided to saddle up and try to make it through Long Canyon, and go twelve miles for chuck. I thought I could get back by night, but when I reached Gaynor's he was sold out, and the nearest town was Grants. By starting across Hog Eye Mesa I should make it in four days. I couldn't

go back to the boys without food. Gaynor said that he would make the trip too, and that he would let me have groceries at cost.

We started in his truck. Nobody ever saw such a mess. We got into twenty drifts that hid the front end of the truck. But we got to Grants and made it back in four days. There was an awful lot of trouble getting there but by the time we started back much of the snow was gone. I was in a hurry to get back to the boys.

Reuben and Bud had met the situation philosophically but Tommie was convinced he was going to starve to death.

"Where you reckon Lyo's gone?" he asked.

"Oh, he's found a girl—probably won't be back for a month."

"Can't we get out of here a-foot?"

Reuben shook his head. (He wasn't joking about that; it would have been impossible!) Reuben made a little sling shot and killed twenty snowbirds. He tried to pick them, but finally skinned them and made a stew. They drank the juice.

One day Tommie had said, "You boys stay here and starve if you want to, but I'm going some place where they have something to eat."

"And where might that be?"

"To Watley's."

Watley's was five miles away. Tommie started up a long draw, but after about a half-mile of that snow he returned. When he dropped in front of the fire he announced, "Came back to die with you."

On the fifth day I rode down the canyon on the paint with a sack of groceries on each side, and I really got a welcome.

Tommie stayed on in the country and filed on a section of land. Later he got into politics and ran for county commissioner and was elected. The last time I heard of him he was doing well and had had no come-uppance. But it must be admitted he had had good instructors and a pretty stiff course of study.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

My father, who has been dead forty years, often spoke of a cowpoke buddy named Cardwell.—Archer Fullingim, Box 150, Kountze, Texas 77625

Fire Finishes Historic Mine

Since I have read Montana stories in your magazines on Tommy Cruse, Marysville, and Silver Creek, I thought you would like to know that the historic Drumlummon Mine was destroyed by an uncontrollable forest fire on Tuesday, August 10. The fire also burned fifty acres of surrounding forest land at Marysville Tuesday night but was finally contained Wednesday afternoon. Left in smouldering ashes, however, was the Drumlummon Mine stamp mill which was world famous in its heyday, even though it was just a "ghost of a ghost town" before the fire.

Begun in 1884, the historic building was completed in 1886 and had stood as a dramatic reminder of the world-famous mining camp and Drumlummon Mine which yielded $30 million since 1876 when Tommy Cruse struck it rich when he discovered gold and silver in quartz lodes there. At the time of the fire, the stamp mill was owned by the St. Louis Drumlummon Mines, Inc. of St. Louis, Missouri.

The small community of Marysville is twenty miles northwest of Helena.— Henry E. Dullum, 513 Clark, East Helena, Montana 59635

"The Lone Wolf"

You know, your magazine has such a big family existence, it's quite a refreshing thing to read. When I recently asked a letter to be forwarded to one of your authors the result was a real good friendship of my family with him.

Now I have a request. I have a friend who recently told me that, when she was a few years younger, she had a picture that had fascinated her from childhood. It was quite a common picture, and I'm sure everyone will remember it. Her house was burned to the ground several years ago and she has since tried to get one of those pictures. Now she is quite old and still wants one, as she said, "It would sure let me recall some nice happy days of long past."

So I'm asking your readers if any of them have one or know where I can get one; I'd be glad to pay all costs. I'd like to grant her this one and only request. The picture to her is one of peace and old days. It's called "The Lone Wolf." It's a wolf on a hill in the foreground with a homestead in a valley.

Please see what your readers can do to help out on this. Another thought—I'm active at Madigan Hospital and I give my magazines to the wounded boys here. They love to read our history in spite of all that the present youth claims. There are many who are quite nice young people. I know.—Mrs. T. J. Luther, Box 307, Sumner, Washington 98390

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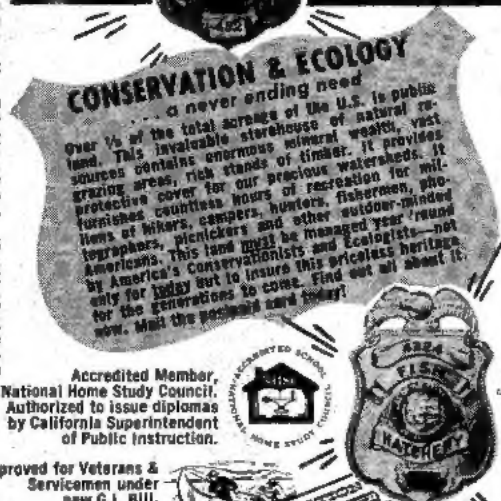
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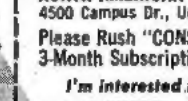

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